JOHN BULL

TWOPENCE

REMEMBER— THIS CHOCOLATE IS A FOOD

ONE 4 oz. block of Cadbury's gives you enough energy to walk 8 miles

HOUSEWIVES! One of the easiest foods to store in a small space is Cadbury's delicious Milk Chocolate. It is one of the most *concentrated* foods known —arctic expeditions regularly carry Cadbury's for its high concentrated food value. ONE 4 oz. BLOCK ALONE can give you enough energy to walk eight miles!

FOOD YOU CAN CARRY — FOOD THAT KEEPS

For quick meals you can carry anywhere, eat at any time, lay in a good stock of Cadbury's right away. In a cool, dry place it will keep for a long period. Do not delay — get your Cadbury's *to-day*.

There's a glass-and-a-half of fresh, full-cream milk in every ½ lb block of Cadbury's Milk Chocolate. It's the world's most delicious way of giving yourself quick energy.

CADBURY'S MILK CHOCOLATE

...'feeds you on your feet'

JOHN BULL'S ENTIRELY NEW EMERGENCY PRESENTATION TO EVERY ONE OF ITS READERS

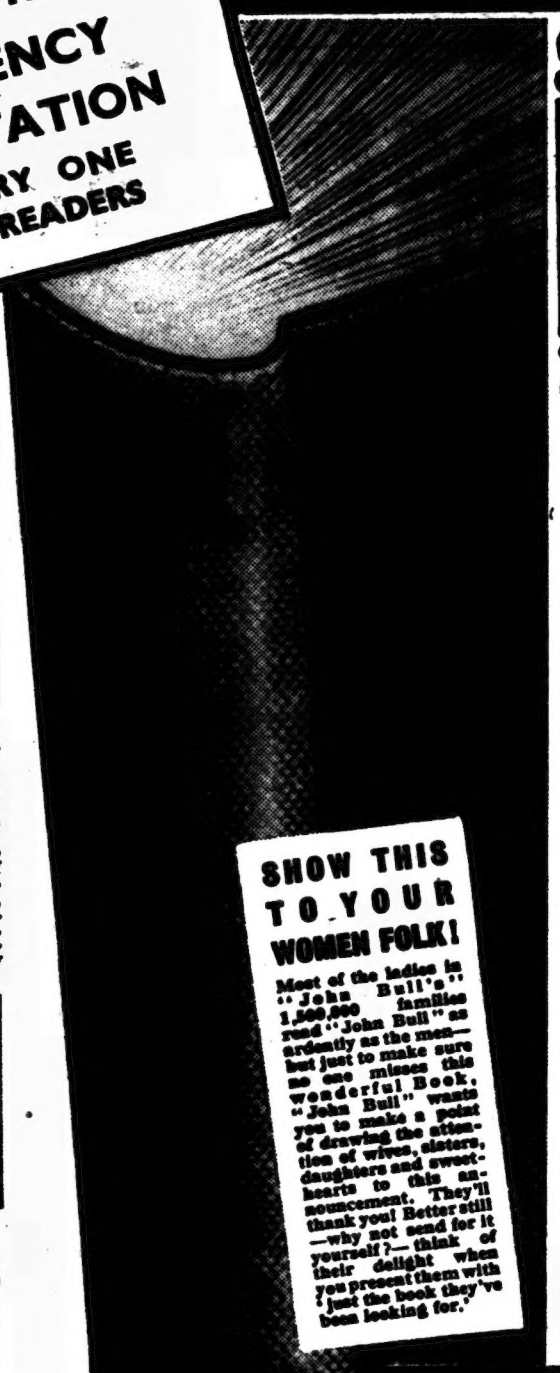
HERE'S A GREAT *NEW* BOOK EVERY FAMILY MUST HAVE

How to make Jumpers of every kind.

"The Pictorial Guide to Modern Home Knitting" shows how to make any kind of Jumper or Pull-over for men, women and children, in any particular style. Every known method of knitting is fully explained.

Hundreds of things every woman can knit.

This great book gives you the secrets of knitting scores of garments for men and women that will be in great demand in war time. You will be surprised at the expert way in which you can knit socks and many other woollen articles.



SHOW THIS TO YOUR WOMEN FOLK!

Most of the ladies in "John Bull's" 1,500,000 families read "John Bull" as ardently as the men—but just to make sure no one misses this wonderful Book, "John Bull" wants you to make a point of drawing the attention of wives, sisters, daughters and sweethearts to this announcement. They'll thank you! Better still—why not send for it yourself?—think of their delight when you present them with "just the book they've been looking for."

THE PICTORIAL GUIDE TO MODERN HOME KNITTING

ENTIRELY NEW—KNITTING BY PICTURES! HOW EVERY WOMAN CAN KNIT HUNDREDS OF VALUABLE THINGS HERSELF!—700 PRACTICAL HOW-TO-DO-IT ILLUSTRATIONS—FULL INSTRUCTIONS—A BOOK THAT WILL SAVE POUNDS.

This is going to be a "knitting winter." Every woman will be knitting socks, scarves and woollen comforts for her family and friends. These will be sent as gifts to the thousands of men and women who are serving in the nation's forces both at home and abroad. Here is a splendid book that shows in a simple manner "how to do it." COMPLETE KNITTING AND CROCHET WORK BY PICTURES—320 pages—over 700 practical "how-to-do-it" illustrations—with simple at-a-glance instructions—hundreds of things every woman can knit herself. This splendid book will save you pounds and it's yours as a Presentation from "John Bull," for the amazingly low privilege price of 3s. 9d., which includes carriage, packing, insurance, etc. Supplies are limited and the demand will be tremendous. You send no money now! All applications will be dealt with in strict rotation. Post Forms below to-day.

Here are some of the things this book shows you how to knit or crochet—Socks—Man's Pullover—Scarves — Gloves — Coats—Matron's Jumper—Swagger Coat—Tweedy Cardigan — Rompers — Baby's Vest—Baby's Petticoat and Dress—Pleated Skirt—Bed Socks — Jumpers—Dresses—Baby's Clothes — Bed Jacket — Skirts — Vests—Shawls — Collars and Cuffs — French Knickers — Cushions —Table Mats, etc., etc., etc.

This work also explains Hints on tensions and textures—Casting on and casting off—Patterns with plain and purl ribbings—Plain and purl block patterns—Plain and purl all-over patterns—Exclusive directions for making jumpers. Knitting in a new heel.

FOR STANDARD EDITION, bound in woven crash cloth embossed on the spine and front in Rich Brown—send 3/9d. when you have received your Invoice. This includes carriage, packing, insurance, etc.

FOR DE LUXE EDITION bound in fadeless Red Sundour Cloth embossed on the front and spine in Rich Bronze, send 4/9d. when you have received your Invoice. This includes cost of carriage, packing, insurance, etc.

DO THIS NOW!

All you do is reserve the Book or Books you require by filling in the Reservation Form and Label below and posting them at once—affix a halfpenny stamp to the Label. Be sure you indicate the Book or Books you want and also the Edition you require. If you send for two books, they must be obtained in the same edition—Both Standard or both De Luxe.

On receipt of your Forms you will be sent a Presentation Invoice entitling you to secure your book or books on the special privilege terms. You then send in your remittance and your volume or volumes will at once be dispatched, carriage paid, to your home.

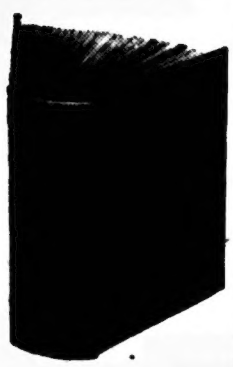
URGENT.—Remember supplies are so strictly limited and the demand will be so huge that you must apply now—Post the Forms below AT ONCE.

HURRY! APPLY AT ONCE!

GROW VEGETABLES

"John Bull's" Special Privilege for every Reader.

BECAUSE it is felt that "John Bull" readers will be among the first to respond to the Government's appeal to grow vegetables, "John Bull" has secured supplies of the world's greatest gardening book, which apart from being an A to Z guide on every phase of Gardening, tells all about how to make an allotment or kitchen garden—how to grow fruit and vegetables of all kinds successfully—This wonderful Book, edited by Richard Sudell, the world-famous gardening authority, is entitled: "THE NEW ILLUSTRATED GARDENING ENCYCLOPAEDIA"—it contains 960 pages—nearly 1,000,000 words—nearly 600 illustrations, including 64 full-page Art Plates—Size of volume 8½ in. deep by 5½ in. wide. Standard Edition: Rich Dark Blue Library Cloth, handsomely grained and embossed in Gold. Remit 3/9 after receipt of Invoice. De Luxe Edition: Rich Red Antique-finished Art Leathercloth embossed in Real 22-carat Gold with dust-proof top edges. Remit 4/9 after receipt of Invoice.



★ You may secure this Book if you wish in addition to the Knitting Book, or if you do not want the Knitting Book you may send for the Gardening Book only. "John Bull" specially recommends both works, however, as books containing vital advice and help which you cannot afford to be without in wartime!

POST FORMS ON RIGHT AT ONCE! 39

CUT ACROSS DOTTED RULE

"JOHN BULL"

BOOK PRESENTATION RESERVATION FORM

Books will be dispatched to applicants in strict rotation. ADDRESS envelope exactly as shown below and post to:—

BOOK PRESENTATION DEPT. J.S.
"JOHN BULL," 96, Fashion Street, LONDON, E.1.
(Full)

Please reserve in my name the volume or volumes indicated below and send me a Presentation Invoice at the special Privilege Prices. I have indicated the edition desired.

IMPORTANT.
The Label will be used for sending your Privilege Invoice. Fill in your name and Full Postal Address in BLOCK LETTERS and affix a ½d. (Halfpenny) stamp in space provided. This Form and Label on right may be posted in an unsealed envelope bearing halfpenny stamp.

STANDARD EDITION { You MUST cross out Edition NOT required } DE LUXE EDITION

If you would like both volumes leave the titles below unmarked. Both volumes must be in the same Edition. If you choose one book only, cross out volume NOT DESIRED.

"THE PICTORIAL GUIDE TO MODERN HOME KNITTING."
"THE NEW ILLUSTRATED GARDENING ENCYCLOPAEDIA."
Write clearly in BLOCK LETTERS.

YOUR NAME .....
FULL POSTAL ADDRESS .....
.....
DATE ..... /
The last day for receipt of Reservations from this announcement is Tuesday, October 10th.
Offer applies only to Gt. Britain, Northern Ireland and Eire. "John Bull," 20/9/39

A halfpenny stamp MUST be affixed here by you.

NAME .....

FULL POSTAL ADDRESS.
.....
.....
.....

J.S.

JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, September 30, 1939.
93, Long Acre, W.C.2.
Telephone: Temple Bar 2468

OUR REAL WAR AIMS

WHAT is Britain fighting for?

We know that we are fighting to smash the horror of Hitlerism, to free the victims of a bloody tyranny, to save our own land from the fate of Poland.

But that is only half the answer.

The world should be told that we are fighting for something more than the end of Hitler and his gang of thieves and bullies.

Not a word is said about the peace which must be fashioned when this war is won. Yet it is not too soon to plan a just and abiding peace.

It should, indeed, be planned now to sustain the confidence of our men at the Front and the people at Home.

We must be assured that the blunders and shortcomings of that "peace" between 1918 and 1939 will not be repeated.

We must be guaranteed that a new Europe, founded on international law and justice for all peoples, will be created.

IT SHOULD BE A UNITED STATES OF EUROPE, WITH A FEDERAL GOVERNMENT BUILT UP FROM THE ASHES OF GENEVA, PROOF AGAINST THE SABOTAGE OF INTRIGUING STATESMEN AND AMBITIOUS WAR-LORDS.

It must possess an international police force—an all-powerful army that will remove the threat of aggression for ever.

There must be no other fighting force; each country must disarm and convert its factories of death into aids of life.

Minority problems shall be settled by real plebiscites. No festering grievances can be left to foment rebellion!

Tear down all tariff barriers. Set up an economic conference for pooling and distributing the earth's riches.

Give the peace-hungry millions of the Continent a Magna Carta both for trade and political freedom!

Such must be our aims. Such should be the basis of our Government's policy.

JOHN BULL believes that nothing less will satisfy the intelligent people of Britain who are called upon to take part in the grimmest struggle of our long history.

War to the uttermost, certainly. But a war that will bring the uttermost peace and prosperity to all nations.

So let Mr. Chamberlain speak again. And this time in language that will bring hope and courage to the whole of mankind.

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true"

Stranglehold on Germany

HITLER is nerve-racked. In the hour of swift victory he is faced by slow defeat. Russian perfidy has enabled his armies to crush Poland, but Germany, gorged with conquered lands, is being strangled.

It's Bravado Only

Hence hysteria in the War Lord's speeches, the ranting bravado that is offset by almost pathetic appeals for peace with Western Powers.

He knows, better than those few of our own people who complain of Britain's apparent slowness in getting into action, that our preparations for a long war spell the doom of Hitlerism.

A Shock for Him

Hitler boasts of a "new weapon" to cudgel us into shameful surrender.

A worse shock awaits him when he feels the edge of our new weapons.

Unity!

He infers that his people are united against us. Except in Czechoslovakia, Austria—and Germany.

Their Word for It

Our hush-hush brigade tells us only that the R.A.F. has been "active" on the Western Front.

German troops have a stronger word for it.

The Illegal Voice

Hoarsed-voice Fuehrer assures them that he is ready for a war of three, four or six years.

From the illegal radio stations in his own land comes the message, "We are starving."

No Waste This Time

We do not need spectacular thrusts to demonstrate the might of the Allied Forces. The French Army advances gradually and with little loss of life; no repetition this time of tragic wasteful mass attacks of the last war!

Headache No. 1

British Navy's blockade, as inexorable as it is little known to ordinary people, is making it impossible for Germany to obtain raw materials without which she cannot sustain warfare.

It's Wise Strategy

So the strategy of Britain and France is wise. Steady and relentless pressure, military and economic, will win our fight more surely than desperate onslaughts that would impoverish us.

End is Certain

Make no mistake. Hitler's fear is justified. His difficulties must increase each month; the end is certain.

And British trade is booming. So heavy has been the destruction of U-boats, despite losses of some merchantmen, that our exports are getting back to normal.

Even Italy is becoming a good customer again. She wants coal (we can spare it) and it's hoped that 150 colliers, normally engaged on that traffic, will soon be commissioned.

Increasing Wages

British business leaders are showing their confidence in smaller ways. One vast catering firm is increasing wages in all districts; scores of important firms, temporarily closed, are reopening and granting wage increases.

Workers are doing more than their share in the common effort. Praise the railway booking clerks, whose union has generously dropped wage claims until the poorer grades of railwaymen are given a 50s. a week minimum.

War or no war, that minimum must be established.

Hospital Hold-up

But we wouldn't pay even 50s. a week to the gentry who drew up the fish control scheme which the Food Minister has had to withdraw.

We tell you on another page of the ruin it meant for wholesalers and their thousands of workers. Here we will merely point out that it also struck a bad blow to hospitals and other institutions, which were utterly unable to obtain supplies. That mustn't happen again!

Here's a Rebuke

Now for a rebuke to some readers. They complain that, "instead of fighting," young men are earning high wages in armament trades.

Good for these young men. Good for Britain!

We can't afford the old mistake of dispensing with essential workers and then frantically trying to train others to take their place.

The Army and R.A.F. depend on civilian technicians. And who in his senses can want to depress wages?

No Victimisation

Certainly there shall be no victimisation of old folks at home. Means Test busybodies must be given more useful service.

A Sheffield widower has lost his main support, an only son, who has joined up. He is refused rent allowance because he is now alone; presumably he's expected to sell his little home.

Sheffield's Bumbledom must think again, and quickly.

Wives Suffering

And we hope to hear no more grumbles concerning reservists who have spent more time on ceremonial drill and in polishing equipment than in training with weapons they will eventually have to use.

Such are isolated cases, no doubt. But more general are complaints that wives are being hit because of delay in obtaining marriage allowances.

Must be Changed

Some Servicemen, too, are finding their pay or travel warrants delayed. Maybe, the trouble is not, as reports suggest, a muddle caused by ex-accountants being put on fatigues and ex-labourers being turned into Army clerks.

Whatever the cause, it must be removed.

Statement, Please

Again, many families are worried lest boys of eighteen or nineteen who enlisted in the Territorials are sent overseas while the Militia twenty-year-olds—according to an official pledge—will be kept on home service as long as circumstances permit.

A brief statement from the War Office would make the position clear.

We Protest

It will need more than a few words of explanation to lessen our indignation concerning war pensions.

The new Royal Warrant for Army pensions shows indefensible reductions on the scale which, under a Royal Warrant of 1919, was approved in connection with the last war.

Listen to a few examples!

(Continued overleaf)

Don't Stint the War Pensions!

War brings back the horse to his old kingdom. Back to the land and city streets—thereby saving fuel needed for Army transports and bringing prosperity again to blacksmiths and wheelwrights

What a Change!

Family allowances for a soldier totally disabled in the present war will be: wife, 5s.; first child 5s., second 3s. 4d., third 3s. 4d., others nil.

In the last war the scale was: wife, 10s.; first child 7s. 6d., other children 6s. each.

No need for us to dwell on the amazing differences in those figures!

No Less Niggardly

Other scales are no less niggardly. A private soldier with 100 per cent. disability will get 32s. 6d. a week; his counterpart of the last war received 40s.

Parents' pensions will be not less than 2s. a week and not more than 10s. for one parent; or 12s. 6d. for two parents. Previously the minimum was 5s. and the maximum for two parents £1 a week.

More Paltriness

There is nothing in the new warrant regarding a statutory right of appeal in *all* cases to an independent tribunal. That right is an imperative necessity.

Again, the Minister of Pensions still has power to terminate or suspend a pension for a soldier's widow if she is considered unworthy. We have previously protested against this regulation; we shall not cease criticism until it is abolished.

We demand to know why sufferers of this war are to be treated with a paltriness unworthy of a rich and humane nation.

Up to the P.M.G.

Let's hope it will be more sensible than the irritating "recommendation" that parcels for Tommies overseas should be enclosed in a double-thickness cardboard box and wrapped with several layers of brown paper.

Soldiers' wives are finding it beyond their means to comply. As much as a shilling is being demanded for suitable cardboard sheets.

Either the Post Office should relax its demand or the Board of Trade should stop profiteering on card and paper. Sooner the better!

Munitions Madness

We're not even satisfied with the new arrangements for speeding-up munitions production—"Bureaucracy run mad," as Mr. Arthur Greenwood aptly describes it.

Why are ex-admirals to be the Big Bosses instead of men with practical experience? Why are not the munitions experts of the last war taken into counsel?

Gas-Masks for Poodles

There's a crumb of comfort in the fact that respirators for youngsters aged from two to five are now being distributed here and there.

A Mayfair ninny, we're told, is using one as a cradle for her poodle!

Even the sweeping Defence Regulations do not appear to cover that sort of inanity. But if we had our way, Mayfair dog-worshippers would have to pay for quite a lot of respirators for mothers who need them.

Cornish Mystery

In lighter vein, a Cornish village has arranged to ring its church bells as an air-raid warning. But if an alarm should come when the bells are tolling for a church service, a whistle will be blown instead.

What, we wonder, would happen if the custodian of the whistle were whetting his whistle at a distant inn?

Horses Here Again

Anyway, here's something that no one need marvel at: Horses are finding their feet again!

Half a million have been quietly grazing in recent months, apparently unwanted. Now they're replacing lorries, saving petrol needed for Army transports.

Fifty thousand in London alone are doing the work of vans commandeered for national service.

So out come carts from the barn, cobwebby harness from the loft. And blacksmiths, wheelwrights and saddlers are having the busiest time for years.

Back-street Trick

Here's a change we don't like. A few back-street bakers are taking advantage of the present situation by adulterating bread.

Britain's wheat supplies are ample for a long time to come, so adulteration is just exploitation.

Punish it with jail sentences!

Waste Not—Now

Next tip for the authorities concerns the bottles and empty tins you throw in dustbin. A few local councils salvage them. Most can't be bothered. But now this sort of scrap can play a part in our national defence. It should no longer be wasted.

Sound Sense

We commend to everyone's attention the Safety First advice of Mr. Arthur Lawis, of Bradford, the man who thought of white sticks for the blind.

When on the pavement, keep left; on the road, keep right.

To local councils, he advises the painting of pedestrian crossings, which has already been done in London and a few other cities.

Mr. Lawis talks sound sense.

This Angers Us

But there's no sense in this: Men engaged in this week's National Enumeration are not reckoned as being in an "insurable" occupation.

So those who have nearly enough stamps on their employment cards to qualify for the "dole" will now be victimised for doing a few days' work!

Officialdom must announce a fairer ruling on this matter—and quickly.

It's Up to You

We expect equally sensible and necessary speech from the Vigilant Committees set up by housewives in Newcastle and Dagenham.

They will report profiteering to the official Food Control Committees, on whom housewives are poorly represented.

Housewives with a little time to spare should not let Newcastle and Dagenham put you to shame.

Write Home, Lads

Our last injunction is to the lads in khaki and blue. Don't forget to write home! Your letters mean more to the old folks than you imagine. Even a brief note will cheer them up!

Important Notice

To make certain of getting your copy of "John Bull" next week you are strongly advised to place a regular order with your newsagent as soon as possible.

Because of the restriction on paper supplies and transport, copies for casual sales will not be available.

Avoid disappointment by placing a regular order with your newsagent now.

Story of Pipette

I AM an electric light bulb no bigger than an orange-pip. A penny flash-light bulb is a giant to me.

In the trade they call me Pipette.

Britain didn't see much of me before the Coronation.

Then somebody hit on the idea of fixing me behind a brooch bearing the pictures of their Majesties.

You had to pay sixpence for me, together with the brooch and the threepenny pocket battery which lit me.

I admit that my part was only a small one. Indeed, for my share in these operations I was sold at 9d. a dozen. But I was proud of that part, specially as police-court missioners tried to get fallen men on their feet again by stocking them with the little Coronation novelty of which I was part.

I lapsed in popular favour a little after the Coronation.

Mr. H. Franks, of 81, New Oxford-street, London, bought 30,000 of me and has kept me in his windows ever since. People building dolls' houses for their youngsters, or wanting to light the carriages of toy trains, have bought me in thousands.

Mr. Franks has been charging seven a shilling for me throughout. But he'd let you have twenty of me for 2s. 6d., and was ever so much more generous with me if you wanted me in scores.

But now war has broken out, I hear. I have been found to be just the Thing to Put in the Buttonhole to Light the Way Home.

I have found my way to 224, Shaftesbury Avenue, W.C., 200 yards from where Mr. Franks still lets me go fairly cheaply.

Here, in the shop of Messrs. Shaftesbury Supplies, I am no longer the despised 9d. a dozen Pipette of Coronation time.

I cost sixpence.

Somebody may have overcharged Shaftesbury Supplies, of course. But they should have known that Mr. Franks, a stone's throw away, would have sold me to them cheaply.

* * *

P.S.—At the time of going to press I am still sixpence.—Pipette.

AFTER HITLER—WHAT?

> "When Germany wants peace she must seek it through a civilised Government, whose word we can trust. That can only come after Hitler"

They march towards a victory "which must follow as the night the day"

A. G. Gardiner says

"One Thing is Certain"

FEW of us in these days, I suppose, are glad to turn on the wireless at eight o'clock in the morning, as in happier days we used to turn it on, to hear of Bradman's or Hammond's doings in the Test matches in Australia.

I have nothing to say against the practice, which I have never yet failed to adopt.

I like to know what has happened in the night as soon as it is possible to know it, even though the news is ugly news that gives me a shock.

It is one of the greatest advantages we have over the German people, that we know the best and the worst, and that we shall not wake up one day to discover (as the German people will) that we have been fed on lies, deception and concealment.

But while it is important that we should face the facts day by day, however disagreeable they may be, it is equally important that we should not be rattled by them.

WE MUST TAKE LONG VIEWS AND SEE THE STRUGGLE IN THE LARGE.

This is a war of nerves as well as of armaments, and it will be won by the spirit of the people that can look beyond the moment, take hard knocks with the least faltering, and see them in relation to the whole scheme of things.

Facts that don't shout are often more significant than those which do.

Take, for example, what is happening at sea. We have had some bad eight-o'clock-in-the-morning shocks—that hideous crime against the *Athenia*, the lamentable loss of the *Courageous*, the almost daily tale of the sinkings.

These things startle the mind and sadden our hearts with the sense of the sacrifice of brave lives and the sorrow that sacrifice casts over a multitude of homes.

But, seen in the large, what is the fact about the war at sea?

Germany has already lost it. The U-boat menace has failed, as it failed in 1917.

Having made up his mind on war, Hitler had distributed his submarines in strategic spots over the Atlantic and around our coasts.

Our Whip-Hand

With characteristic brutality and bad faith he instructed them to sink at sight.

We had no convoy system in action to meet the peril.

For the moment all the cards were in Hitler's hands. In view of the much more formidable character of the submarines to-day, it would not have been surprising if the destruction in the first days of the war had been on the scale of April, 1917, when 430 ships, with a gross tonnage of 852,000, were sunk.

Instead, not more than 30 have been sunk.

Between them the French and English navies have destroyed more than a tenth of the German submarines. And this before the convoy system had got to work.

Now it is in action, and Mr. Chamberlain is in a position to say that our supplies of food and material are secure.

There will be shocks to come, of course, but the fact remains that in the first weeks of the war we have got the whip-hand of the most dangerous weapon the Germans had at sea.

But that is not all. While our vast mercantile marine is free to go over all the seas of the world, the whole mercantile marine of Germany has vanished.

The ships have not been sunk which would have made a splash in the newspaper. They have run like hares to the neutral ports—hundreds of them—and there they are "for the duration."

This makes no sensation at eight o'clock in the morning, but in the large-scale outlook on the war it is the biggest fact of all.

Think for a moment what it means. Hitler has munitioned and provisioned Germany for a lightning war. That is off.

He knows now that he is locked in "for the duration," too.

NO MATTER WHAT HE OFFERS, NO PEACE WILL BE MADE WITH HIM. HE IS OUTLAWED.

When Germany wants peace she must seek it through a civilised Government, whose word we can trust. That can only come *after* Hitler.

In the light of the fact that he cannot launch a lightning war or get a swift decision, the disappearance of his ships from the seas should be fatal.

He is not provisioned for a long war, and 80 per cent. of Germany's normal imports come by way of the Mediterranean and the Atlantic, both of which are in the hands of the enemy.

Tens of thousands of tons of cargo—oil, grain, iron ore, meat—bound for Germany have already gone into British and French storage, and hundreds of thousands more will go.

On a Volcano

This, again, does not create shocks like the sinking of a British ship, but it is far more momentous. It means that Hitler's Germany is beleaguered, and, in the end, doomed.

The effect of this is daily more apparent. It is apparent most in that sphere of the war in which Hitler's defeat is already written in letters of flame.

You can hear the cracking of the timbers of his hideous fabric within.

He is on a volcano of his own creation, and everywhere the crust is breaking and the accumulated wraths of his victims are leaping to action.

The foul Gestapo is massacring on the Home Front, in Czechoslovakia, in Austria, in Germany, but the fury is visibly out of hand.

Catholics, Protestants, Jews, Socialists, scholars, all the sane elements in the nation which have been trampled on by his Juggernaut car, are aflame with the vision of deliverance from the Terror.

And every cargo of contraband seized on the seas is a message that deliverance is near.

How can a house so divided against itself, ravaged by civil war, encircled, not by the enemies of Germany, but of Hitlerism, survive against the impressive unity of this nation and of France?

Scraps of Paper

Never have I been so proud of my country as now. Never has it presented to the world so sublime a spectacle of single-minded purpose.

Never has the great gospel of democracy and freedom shone with such power and glory.

The moral victory is won. The material victory will follow as the night the day.

Even the worst of our shocks pale in the light of the great realities of the war.

The cowardly blow which the Russian tyrant struck at poor Poland has brought no relief to Hitler.

Indeed, his compact with Stalin is now seen to be the biggest nail in his coffin.

It has exposed his utter falsity. It has lost him Catholic Spain.

It has destroyed his last hopes in Catholic Italy.

It has antagonised Japan.

And it has not gained him Russia, which is much more concerned to block his path to the East and the Balkans than to help him to overawe Europe.

He has got his "scrap of paper" with Stalin. It is as worthless as every other "scrap of paper" that bears the signature of Adolf Hitler.

No, there is no reason to be rattled by eight-o'clock-in-the-morning shocks. We shall have many of them, for the blood-thirsty maniac with whom we are at war will stop at no horror.

BUT IF ANYTHING IN THE WORLD CAN BE PREDICTED WITH CERTAINTY, IT IS THE END OF HITLER AND HIS BODYGUARD OF SCOUNDRELS WHO HAVE DESECRATED THE EARTH TOO LONG.

And the end may be much nearer than we dare hope. It is one man against Europe, and with such odds, who can doubt the issue?

Voice of the People

- **Story of a Patriot**
- **The New Tipperary**
- **Black-Out Pastimes**

THERE came a day at the end of the last war when I was given my discharge and I walked out into a strange world, a civilian again, vowing, after the four years that were still vivid in my memory, that there would never be any more soldiering for me.

A few days ago I was back at a recruiting office, filling in the old familiar forms, trying to forget my real age was fifty. Outwardly, I have worn very well, but could not deceive the medical officer.

"Where did you get that wound?" he asked, and I had to tell him what happened at St Quentin in March, 1918. I put on my clothes. Rejected as medically unfit, I must now content myself with my A.R.P. activities, but I still have the urge to take a shot at the Nazi régime.—A. Byron, Laurel Road, Prescot, Lancashire.

That's the voice of the people all right. Typical of a race that is not easily moved to anger, this Englishman shows how we feel about this Nazi war of aggression.

Vanished Orchard

Official spokesmen have been pleading in Government broadcasts that we should again try to grow more of our own foodstuffs, suggesting that we should turn flower gardens into vegetable patches, playgrounds into allotments.

Yet we have seen officials of the local A.R.P. committee commandeer a fruitful market garden in which to plant air raid shelters and raze a fine old orchard to provide the foliage with which to camouflage them. Yet a few yards away there is an acre of waste ground. Don't you think it a little odd?—John Read, of Chester-le-Street, County Durham.

Foolish Boast

I hate the man who walks about without his gas-mask, leering at the rest of us just to make us feel childish for having anything to do with the little brown boxes and their useful contents. Many of these men have told me that even Hitler could not make them carry gas-masks around.

Maybe, there is something in what they say, yet I think not only of the fight there was to earn our gas-masks but also the fight there might be if there were several such men in a crowd during a gas attack.—Samuel Lees, Marlborough Street, Oldham, Lancashire.

Welsh Grumble

In taking A. G. Gardiner to task for saying that "Britain stands for the right of small nations to live their own lives," may I point out that there exists within the United Kingdom a separate nation, the Welsh nation, denied the rights for which Britain is now supposed to be fighting.

Wales is denied the use of her own language in Courts of Justice, her culture is being destroyed by "wanton aggression" of the Government, and her youth is forced to fight for "freedom" for the rest of the world.

Welsh mothers must write in English to their sons because it is the only language allowed in correspondence.—Dafydd Williams, Secretary of University of Wales Nationalist Party, Newborough Street, Caernarvon.

Justice as well as charity begins at home, and it would be interesting to hear what a Saar miner would have to say to a Welsh miner who went so far as to complain of England's "aggression." The Welsh miner may have lost his language, but he still has a trade union, a pension fund, an eight-hour day, and all the liberty he likes.

Lost in Black-out

The great "black-out" had not been in force for a fortnight when the young people were clamouring feverishly for the reopening of cinemas, dance halls and theatres because they "didn't know what to do with themselves."

People of my generation learned in their youth to say "My mind to me a kingdom is." And it was so. How is it that youngsters of to-day have no faculty for self-entertainment?—Mrs. M. Marshall, Bulstrode Street, London, W.1.

Here's a chance for youth to get something said, for with all due respect to their elders there's no need for them to sit content under such unfair criticism.

Busker-Conscious

Tender-hearted indeed are those who cannot pass a street musician—more commonly known as a "busker"—without giving him a few coppers. And you'd be surprised how generous people can be to the kerbside minstrels. I've proved myself that these pathetic figures are often earning a substantial income.

For a bet I played a mouth-organ in a fashionable West End street, and in two hours I collected 11s., two passers-by each giving me half-a-crown.—Jack Morrington, Norfolk Square, London, W.2.

Interesting though it is to know how generous West End strollers may be—we mentioned not long ago that a crippled match-seller who murdered his sweetheart made £12 to £16 a week on his north-west London pitch—we give this letter merely to show how easy it is to prey on the susceptibilities of people.

We wonder whether the 11s. benefited a society or aged variety artists.

It Beats Him!

Because I am an unemployed motor driver, I was intrigued by a notice chalked in large letters on a blackboard in a local labour exchange saying, "Car drivers with current driving licences urgently required." So I applied at the vacancy section.

Imagine my astonishment when I was told that, as I was classified as a motor driver, I was not suitable. Later, I learned that "motor-driving is a reserved occupation." Had I been a "general labourer" (in the words of the clerk) I would have been given a job. It beats me, especially as I'm still "reserved" and unemployed.—A. Harrison, Thornhill Gardens, West Hartlepool, County Durham.

Probably only a Government official could explain this strange position, because it looks like another of those anomalies on which we thrive; just part of the stupidity that puts a recruit with a definite stammer on the end of a telephone.

"Genuine German"

When I protested at having to pay a shilling for a bottle of twenty-five aspirins, I was told that the fantastic price was justified.

"They are genuine German make," said the chemist.

I will have to swallow bottle and all to recover from my disgust.—Mrs. M. Hedderly, Welwyn Garden City, Hertfordshire.

Even to swallow disgust in such cases of profiteering should leave a lump in your throat. Profit-making now is definitely genuine German work. It must be stopped.

Sweet Surprise

Among children evacuated from Hull was a small coloured boy, and, such is man's inhumanity, there was a certain reluctance to give him shelter when he arrived in the village of his destination. There was a spell of silence before anybody offered to make him at home, but at length there came a woman who accepted him without hesitation.

Judge her surprise when she found on preparing him for bed that there was a £5 note and a letter thanking her for sheltering him in her house pinned to his undershirt. It promised, also, that he would be well supplied with funds.—T. W. Cawood, Selby, Yorks.

Apart from the moral of this little story, which ranks as high as any of Æsop's fables, you will see by page 18 that evacuation held many surprises.

New "Tipperary"

Song publishers are seeking high and low to find a successor to "Tipperary" without pausing to wonder whether it is needed. While they have visions of another song-hit to swell their balance-sheets, young soldiers are still singing the old familiar lines of "Tipperary" as proud of it as their fathers were in 1914. And why not? It has a tradition of victory to support it.—Old Contemptible, Colwyn Bay.

The new Armies are not singing "Tipperary," any more than 1914 men sang "Soldiers of the Queen." Each generation finds its own favourites.

● *This is YOUR page—a weekly opportunity for readers to tell the world their news and views.*

We pay **10s. 6d.** *for each letter published and an extra* **10s. 6d.** *if we use your own photograph to illustrate a letter.*

The address is: "Voice of the People," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

There'll Be No Turning Back!

THERE'LL be no turning back until we right the wrong,
What e'er the cost, the hard road short or long.
There'll be no turning back, for the way ahead is clear,
And forward we'll go, and onward we'll go, while our countless friends draw near.

* * *

There'll be no turning back, for we've one great job to do,
A job that all have taken on, which we'll all see through.
We've set our hand to rid the world of Aggression and of Hate,
And we'll do it, too, with God's own help, whether it be soon or late.

* * *

There'll be no turning back till our object is achieved,
And the peoples of the earth from invasion are relieved;
Till we build up secure again a decent world and just,
Where the Word of Man is sacred and something we can trust.

* * *

There'll be no turning back. We will do what we have to do;
Shoulder to shoulder we'll forge ahead and see this struggle through.
Steadfast we'll go with a Smile of Faith along the Road to War
Till we reach its end, victorious, with the Right Thing Done once more!

J. M.

Laughter in the ranks shows the willing, eager spirit of the troops. Officialdom must not let them down by permitting confusion in regulations

"Tommy, Jack and Bill"

END THIS CONFUSION

BY the hundred, war time complaints and difficulties are brought to JOHN BULL's notice.

Everywhere there is doubt, because the regulations now ruling our lives have not been made sufficiently plain; dismay because there are big gaps in those hurried orders.

The new rent and mortgage restrictions have alone resulted in widespread confusion. Not enough to say that house-buyers are protected if they merely pay interest on their loans!

In thousands of cases, wives of men called to the Colours are unable even to continue the interest payments. What must they do? Go short of food? Sacrifice homes in which they have sunk their savings?

Meanwhile, our Free Advice Bureau is giving information on every case brought to our notice. It is equally busy with the questions of Servicemen's allowances, pensions, new Census and scores of other uncertainties created by war.

Here, as an outline of its scope, are a few typical questions and answers:

Mrs. K., Barking.—"Am I, a widow with two children, entitled to an allowance for my son, who was my sole support and has been called up?"

Yes. Forms of application for a dependant's allowance must be completed both by your son and you. He will be able to obtain a form from his unit; you can get yours at a post office.

W. U., near Accrington.—"I am twenty and keep a one-man poultry farm. Shall I be called up?"

Your work is a Reserved Occupation for men aged twenty-one and upwards. But, if called for service, you can apply for a postponement.

L. H., London.—"My daughter is an 'unmarried wife,' whose husband is a reservist now called up. Can she obtain any allowance?"

An "unmarried wife" and children are eligible for a special dependant's allowance equal to the family allowance which would be payable if the parties were married, providing the woman lived with the man as his "wife" and was wholly, or substantially, maintained by him for a reasonable period (at least six months) immediately prior to the man's joining up.

J. R., Worthing.—"My father, now dead, was of German birth; my mother was British-born. Shall I be called up, and should I have to serve overseas?"

If you are a British subject by birth you must serve under the provisions of the new Act, and you will have no choice in regard to where military service shall be given—at home or abroad.

Mrs. L., Birmingham.—"My nephew joined the Territorials a few weeks ago. But he has always been delicate; can he be invalided out?"

His parents should ask the Territorial Army Headquarters for another medical board to be authorised.

B. W., Angmering.—"I was granted a permanent pension some years ago and my disability has now become much worse. Can I get the pension increased?"

You should apply to the nearest Ministry of Pensions office for treatment facilities. If your condition does not improve as a result of treatment, the question of granting an increased pension can then be considered.

Mrs. T., Perth.—"I cannot possibly pay my full rent now that my husband has been called for Army service. Can my landlord turn me out?"

Most unlikely; he must apply to the Courts for a possession order—which would almost certainly be refused.

W. T., London.—"I am thirty-six, hold both car and heavy goods driving licences. Shall I be called up?"

Heavy goods motor-drivers are in a Reserved Occupation; you come within this category.

Mrs. R., Liphook.—"My pension application has been rejected because it's said that my husband's death was not caused by the disability for which he was pensioned. I enclose papers to show that this decision is absurd; what shall I do?"

We consider you have a strong case. Appeal at once to the independent Pensions Appeal Tribunal.

Mrs. H., Cheltenham.—"My brother has been a Regular soldier for three years. Can my mother obtain an allowance while my sister and myself contribute to her support?"

Unfortunately, no.

C. C., near Abingdon.—"I am a builder, aged twenty-two. If called up can I join a particular unit?"

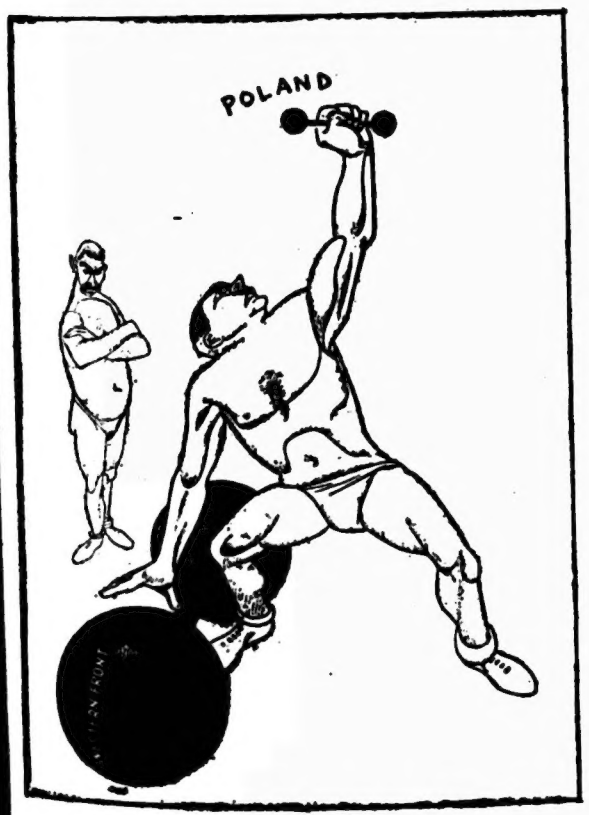
You have the right to express preference for a certain branch or unit; efforts will be made to meet it. But, obviously, the authorities will not be able to please everyone.

* * *

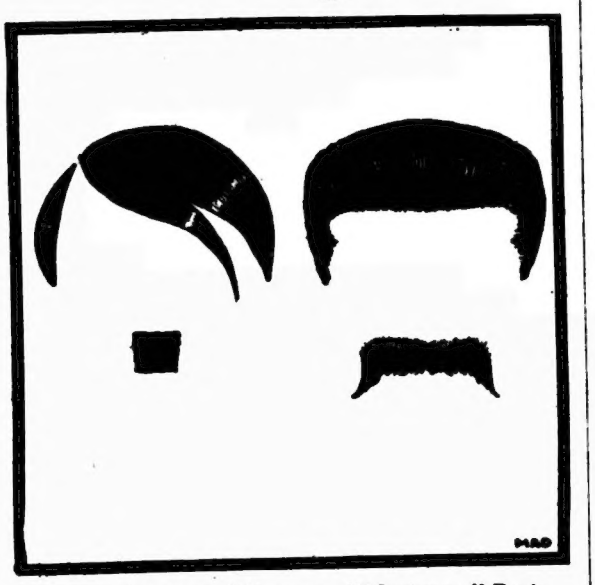
Remember, if you are a relative of Soldier Tommy, Seaman Jack or Airman Bill, and have a complaint to make, or if you are in any uncertainty regarding war liabilities and restrictions, you need only

WRITE TO "JOHN BULL" ABOUT IT!

Through Other Eyes



Helper?—"Haagsche Post," Holland



Here's the whole difference—"Marianne," Paris

Does he know what he is doing?—"Ric et Rac," Paris

Norway

The dissolution of the Nazi Party is steadily going on. Only the German victories in Poland have prevented general discontent from breaking out openly.—*"Arbeiderен," Oslo.*

U.S.A.

It is now for every nation which believes in free institutions, which is against collectivism, which believes that Communism is a destructive and not a constructive principle, to see that democracy is not destroyed.—*New York Herald Tribune.*

GRIN and BEAR it!

Communiqué from our Special Correspondent on the Home Front, by courtesy of the Ministry of Information:—

September —

A STRONG detachment of Air Raid Wardens carried out a raid in ——— Grove, completely routing the defending forces.

Two bicycle lamps were destroyed and a number of candles taken prisoners.

Lady ———, M.P., is to ask the Minister of War if he will issue an order for members of the forces to wear gas-masks when in the vicinity of public-houses in military areas?

The mobilisation of sandbags in the ——— sector has been held up by the Sandlords, who achieved an advance of 98 per cent.

The Home Forces counter-attacked, but retired before a fierce charge of 12s. per doz.

Sergeant ———, of the ———, reports that he has never seen such a * * * lot of recruits.

Bachelor Husbands

War in all its grimness has
descended on our street;
If only Dr. Goebbels knew the
things we have to eat,
The sufferings that we endure,
each day and ev'ry night,
When wardens come complaining
of a hostile chink of light
In a desolated home from which
the wife and kids have gone,
And a lone, unmarried husband
has been left to carry on!

The bed is hard and lumpy, and
the porridge rather worse
On the only day we made it, ere
deciding with a curse
To give up all such luxuries, and
help the war to win
Armed with one trusty weapon—
used for opening a tin!
And so their wartime rations vary
little day by day,
For bachelors of Britain whose
wives have gone away!

Tinned peaches, tinned spaghetti,
tinned apricots, tinned ham!
On ev'ry blessed spoon there's egg,
on ev'ry knife there's jam!
Our breakfast is a failure, for the
toast goes up in flame;
And our ever-loving wives would
be consumed with wrath and
shame
If they saw the dirty crockery
piled in the kitchen sink—
For washing-up is something
from which widowed hus-
bands shrink!

Our soldiers and our sailors, and
heroes of the air
Deserve of lusty British cheers
the very fullest share;
But when of these and others you
have made a hearty fuss,
Then spare a little sympathy for
noble blokes like us,
Who, menaced by dyspepsia, lead
brave, unselfish lives—
The tight-lipped British husbands
of evacuated wives!

Little Fritz's Guide to Knowledge

"Now, mein liddle Fritz, before your breakfast eating, after me repeat: Heil Hitler!"

"Heil Hitler!"

"Gott strafe England!"

"Gott strafe England! Gott strafe France! Gott strafe the obscene beasts of Communists!"

"Nein, mein sohn! The Communists reformed have. The illustrious Joseph Vissarionovich Djugashirli Stalin the kamerad of our matchless Fuehrer now is."

The bed is hard and lumpy

"Heil Herr Stalin! Heil Herr Vinston Churchill!"

"Himmel! Want you the Gestapo into concentration camps us to put?"

"But, vater, when the big English ship sunken was, we sang 'Deutschland uber alles' and the near-beer drank."

"Ja! A victory glorious for the Vaterland!"

"Well, the Herr Deckter Goebbels says that the ship torpedoed by Herr Churchill was."

"Ja, mein sohn; the pig-dog Churchill!"

"Then, vater, if Herr Churchill——"

"Ach! Stop questions asking and your synthetic Frankfurt eat!"

The Lost Cord*

[The ex-Kaiser is reported to spend much time listening to British broadcasts.]

Sitting alone by the radio, I am
weary and ill at ease;
My only pleasure for years has
been chopping down stout
Dutch trees;
And now, I'm afraid, in the future
of this I may be bereft,
When a new All Highest arrives at
Doorn, to chop down what-
ever's left!
So if Adolf's got by a sniper, in
crossing the frontier, then

"Dammit, man, I'm not wearing my gas mask!"

From me a sigh of thanks you'll
hear, and a sound like a great
Amen!

[*Note for compositors, sub-editors, and other interfering tykes: Don't change this to "chord." The cord I mean consists of 128 cubic feet of wood. It's a joke—see?]

Dotty Dialogue

Scene: Outside an A.R.P. post during black-out hours. Air Raid Warden Frobisher on sentry duty. Mrs. Gaga Belcher (widow of Col. Belcher, of the Gurkhas), O.C. Every-Blessed-Thing, barges forward from the surrounding murk.

Frobisher (flashing his torch): "Oi! You can't come in here!"

Mrs. B.: "You're a fool, Frobisher! Don't you know your commanding officer when you see her?"

Frobisher (saluting): "Sorry, Mrs. Belcher; I didn't recognise you with your gas-mask on."

Mrs. B.: "Dammit, man! I'm not wearing my gas-mask!"

"Y. Z."

War Measures—and YOU

By A Barrister M.P.

SINCE the war began, Parliament has passed more than 40 Acts covering the whole field of national life. Countless regulations will spring from those Acts.

Because these measures will affect YOU intimately, "John Bull" has arranged with a Member of Parliament, who is also a barrister, to explain their meaning each week and to give advice to those who need it.

Envelopes should be addressed to "John Bull," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, and must be marked "M.P." in the top left corner. A stamped addressed envelope must be enclosed.

IF you owed money when the war began and now find you cannot pay because your income has been reduced—don't worry.

The chances are, you are protected by a new Act, called the Courts (Emergency Powers) Act, which has just been passed to help people in your position.

Perhaps, because of the war, your rent has got a bit into arrears, or the current repayment to the building society is overdue.

Perhaps you are wondering about that deposit you left with the tailor on a new suit, or are anxious about the next instalment on the wireless set.

All these things and many more are covered by the Courts Act.

It protects not only those pulled suddenly from civil employment—soldiers, sailors, airmen, A.R.P. workers, etc.—but all other people in financial difficulties just now.

The only restriction is that these people must be able to show (a) that their inability to meet their obligations is due directly or indirectly to the war, and (b) that the obligations were incurred before war broke out.

The words to note are "incurred before war broke out."

This means that if, for example, you put down that deposit on a suit or agreed to buy your house after hostilities began, you are not covered by the Act.

That is fair enough, for you entered into those transactions with your eyes open.

You would nevertheless be protected by the Act in the case of, say, last week's rent; for while it was actually incurred after the war started, the agreement with your landlord began before the emergency arose.

Although the Act gives you this protection, it does not prevent your being sued by anyone to whom you owe money—though it does prevent your landlord levying distress in the usual way. Nor does it, necessarily, relieve you of your ultimate obligation to pay what is owing.

What it does do is to give the Court power to prevent your creditor executing judgment against you for either the whole or part of the amount due.

Knowing that this power exists, all the chances are that your creditor will think twice before he takes the matter to Court.

Remember, also, that in spite of what I have said, the Act does not relieve you of every kind of debt you may have. Some obligations, if you have incurred them, you will have to meet or suffer the consequences.

Into this category come:—

Payments due under affiliation orders.

Compensation or damages awarded against you for injuries inflicted on others (the loss of a limb, say, in an accident).

Fines and penalties inflicted by a Court for law-breaking.

These you will have to meet whatever changes the war may have made in your circumstances, and the fact that they were incurred before the beginning of September would not help you to avoid them.

Open Letters

ESTATES COMMITTEE,
Nottingham County Council

SIRS,—I am appalled by your obstinacy. The day following the Government's appeal for increased egg production, you again refused permission for poultry to be kept on your housing estates.

You give no reason. You inflict methods of dictatorship on citizens you should represent.

But I do not think your blind and selfish obduracy will be allowed to persist. I look to Whitehall to compel you to change your rigid minds.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. L. HORE-BELISHA, M.P.,
Minister for War

DEAR SIR,—Some of my warm-hearted readers want to send parcels to friendless Tommies. But no facilities exist.

You have done so much to improve soldiers' conditions. Surely you will allow one of your officials to spend a little time in organising a central depot for such gifts?—JOHN BULL.

The MAGISTRATES,
Aberystwyth

YOUR WORSHIPS,—You anger me.

By ordering four young boys to be birched for petty theft, you perpetuate a relic of barbarism condemned by all who know its brutalising effects on child minds, and its uselessness as a preventive of further offences.

But for outbreak of war this penalty would soon have been outlawed. It must now cease without the compulsion of legislation. We should be a pation of hypocrites if, in fighting against barbarism abroad, we permitted barbarism at home.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. WALTER ELLIOT, M.P.,
Minister of Health

DEAR SIR,—Soft language is wasted on fools. I urge you to reprimand in vigorous terms those Jacks-in-Office now depriving women and babies of the necessities of life.

Mothers are being told that "as all the resources of the county council are devoted to A.R.P. the new scheme of milk supply has had to be postponed."

Could there be greater folly, more dangerous meanness? The nation's health is a prime factor in winning a war; your Department will prostitute its title if it fails to protect people against under-nourishment and sickness.—JOHN BULL.

Rhymes with Reason—No. 2

By HANNEN SWAFFER

"Heil, Hitler," Lord of Lies and King of Death.
"Heil, Hitler," bullying Nazis yell.
While martyred Poland draws a dying breath,
"Heil, Hitler," shout the fiends in Hell.
While mothers curse what was your mother's name,
And babes weep where their fathers fell,
You have put Anti-Christ to shame.
"Heil, Hitler," shout the fiends in Hell.

* * *

Hitler, Inferno's realm is now your own;
Even the Devil yields to you his throne.

He must make the B.B.C. play its full part in the nation's changed life!

Professor F. W. OGILVIE,
Director-General, B.B.C.

DEAR SIR,—I shall not mince words. I am not merely disappointed but also disgusted by the miserable part the B.B.C. is playing in the war.

Now, as never before, an adequate broadcasting system is essential to the nation's life. We need it not only to span gaps in our leisure, but also to keep us informed, confident and calm.

Instead, we are fobbed off with dreary futilities that would irritate a dormouse; or—if you prefer another metaphor—your mammoth organisation is emitting only a squeak. Even your announcers sound bored when introducing the same old gang of revue artistes.

Where are the brilliant artistes who would be glad to help in keeping high the morale of the nation?

Many of them are workless because of the closing of Central London theatres, and so public-spirited is their profession they would give their services free.

They know, as you should do, that millions of people are dismayed by the heavy restrictions on outdoor entertainments.

Cinemas shut early. Great numbers of people have been moved to districts which have no cinemas at all.

Sport has been cut down, almost to vanishing-point. Dances are rarely held, social visits are difficult because of travelling restrictions.

THE radio has the greatest opportunity in its history, perhaps the greatest it will ever have.

Yet you give us programmes that would do no honour to obscure Continental stations.

There are lengthy "breaks" when our tedium is increased by mournful church bells or by an announcer assuring us that if we wait a minute he will "try to find a gramophone record."

Tuning in to Paris, I hear descriptions of our Tommies playing football against crack French teams.

Tuning in to your overseas service, I hear records of tinkling tunes instead of balanced expressions of British policy or sidelights on British life.

I invite you to talk to ordinary listeners. You will find my disappointment shared by all.

Act before your whole system falls into contempt. If you are being starved of money by Treasury skinflints, fight them. Threaten to resign and tell the public why. And you'll win.

Whatever the reason, the utter inadequacy of your programmes must be remedied.

You must give us the first-class productions we have a right to expect, and you must see that the B.B.C. becomes a powerful support of public confidence!—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. ERNEST BROWN, M.P.,
Minister of Labour

DEAR SIR,—Even in war, exploitation of labour cannot be tolerated. Months ago I brought to your notice the plight of "30,000 Bakehouse Slaves," yet many employers are still evading the law, thousands of bakers are working unpaid overtime and enduring the abominable conditions that I asked you to remedy.

And, for reasons too obvious to need stressing, the tyranny of night-baking must be ended.—JOHN BULL.

COMMANDING OFFICERS,
National Defence Corps

DEAR SIR,—Be more careful in what you say, otherwise you may cause a national uproar.

Likely to be used against you is this gem from official orders: "Ranks may arrange a bath with their respective landladies."

I will not dare imagine what the landladies might think about it, but maybe Dr. Goebbels will hail it with delight as another example of our strange democratic customs.—JOHN BULL.

POLITICAL CHIEFS

GENTLEMEN,—I am glad you have agreed to extend the Parliamentary truce to municipal politics, so that local councillors will continue in office till the end of the war.

Rightly, also, you have agreed that when the war ends there shall be no General Election until a new register has been instituted. I have vivid recollections of the scandalous snap election held in November, 1918, before the boys were home from the trenches. That must not happen this time!—JOHN BULL.

The MAYOR,
Finsbury, London

YOUR WORSHIP,—What Finsbury is doing to-day, every city should do to-morrow. Baulked of your scheme for deep air raid shelters, you have enlisted hundreds of volunteers to help in building fifty-four smaller shelters, all of which will be finished in a month.

They're not bomb-proof because the Home Office has not yet given permission for them to be covered by a 4-ft. concrete slab. And you have had to rely on hand-digging because you're not allowed the use of mechanical excavators. But you're going ahead. And you have my admiration.

I hope that even officialdom will soon realise war has started and thus ease your labours.—JOHN BULL.

Dr. J. M. MACKINTOSH,
Chief Medical Officer, Scotland

DEAR DOCTOR,—You have done a fine job of work in evacuating sick people, but there are still a few difficulties to be tackled. Take the instance of a woman being treated at Edinburgh Royal Infirmary with costly injections, which must be continued for three months.

Now she has been moved into the country, her husband finds he is expected to pay for treatment in the new area. As he has to engage a housekeeper to care for the invalid it is beyond his means.—JOHN BULL.

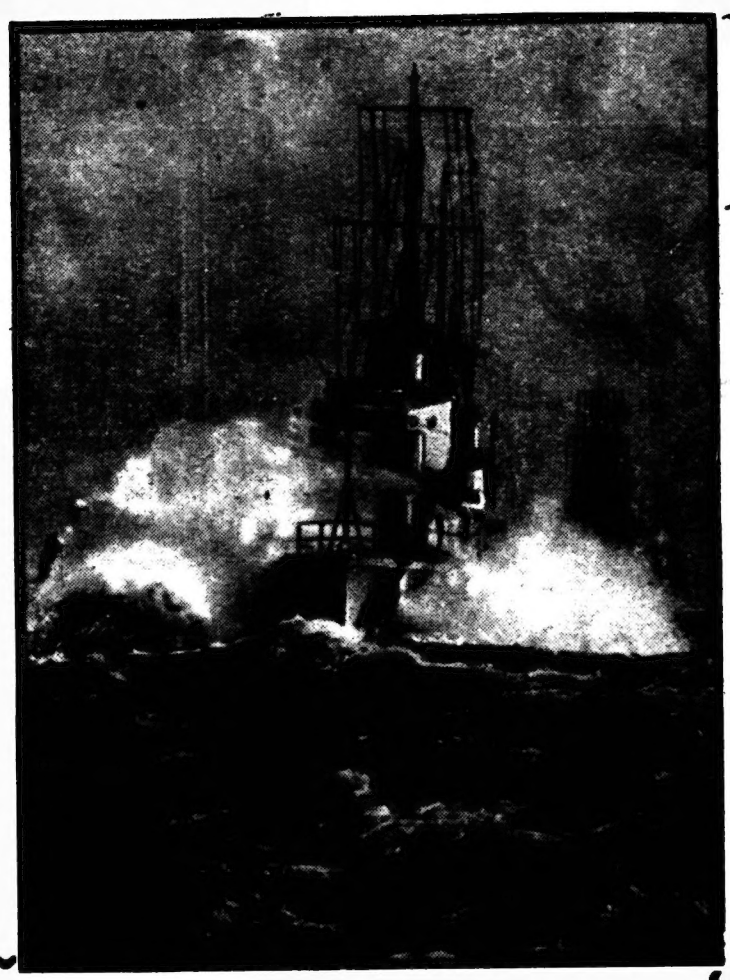
Major G. C. TRYON, M.P.,
Postmaster-General

DEAR P.M.G.,—A woman drew out some money from the P.O. Savings Bank at a London sub-post office. She was given £1 notes and a £1 postal order which had to be changed at the grocery counter.

There she had to buy something before the assistant would change the order, and, to crown it all, was given a 19s. 6d. postal order as her change!

You will insist on prompt investigation of this clumsy and impudent misuse of a State service. I will provide your inspector with the facts.—JOHN BULL.

TRIUMPH of the PIRATE PATROL



"It was devotion, gallantry, most able performance of duty, and close attention to orders, that finally defeated the submarines"

By Commander H. Pursey,

Torpedo Specialist and an Expert in anti-Submarine Warfare

REMEMBERING lessons learned between 1914 and 1918, when the convoy system saved us from the greatest peril that has ever beset the British Empire, the Admiralty announced in the House of Commons early in the year that a policy of convoy would be instituted on the outbreak of war.

So the errors of the last war, when the offensive capabilities of the submarine were under-rated, and the introduction of the old-time convoy system was delayed for two and a half years, have been avoided.

Results of Hitler's unrestricted submarine campaign, with its "sink-on-sight" policy, have been surprisingly small compared with those of twenty-odd years ago. It is unfortunate that through an almost complete absence of other war news, U-boat successes have achieved an importance out of all proportion to their value.

Time is needed after the outbreak of war to get the machinery of a convoy system working smoothly. Many merchant ships are scattered over the oceans, far from naval aid. So losses are expected not only among such merchant vessels but also among naval craft sent into strange waters rapidly to institute a convoy system.

All things considered, losses up to now, even including the sinking of the *Courageous*, have not been more than was expected. You cannot control a nation's shipping and ensure its safety in a few days.

SINKINGS in the first fortnight of the war amounted to fewer than two dozen, a far different figure from that of 1917, when the unrestricted campaign was at its height. More than 400 ships were sunk in April that year, and out of every hundred large ocean-going vessels leaving this country in the last fortnight of that month, twenty-five failed to return.

Although previous protective measures had achieved a certain amount of success when introduced, it was obvious they were palliatives, not a positive cure.

These had included defensive guns in merchant ships; alternative routes; "approach areas"; ordering ships with valuable cargoes to rendezvous at sea; and imposition of embargo on outward sailings from ports when a submarine was known to be lying outside.

Because defensive guns saved some steamers in gunnery duels with U-boats on the surface, submarines remained submerged, firing torpedoes without warning. Alternative routes for shipping were soon discovered.

THE "approach areas" plan was also a failure Each area covered about 10,000 square miles, and it was not possible to provide sufficient patrol boats to prevent submarine attacks in such large areas. The mere presence of patrols revealed new traffic routes, and submarine commanders guessed that they had only to wait in the vicinity for merchant ships.

Ordering special cargoes to a rendezvous so that they should be met and escorted into port, failed because frequently they were not met, either through bad weather or a lack of escort vessels. Puzzled masters, resorting to radio signals, waited for instructions, and as signal codes were known to the enemy, a U-boat often appeared at the rendezvous as soon as messages had been decoded.

The approach route south-west of Ireland was becoming the graveyard of British shipping. Vessels were being sunk too regularly in an area of about 200 miles, and survivors of their crews had to spend several days in open boats before being rescued.

Shortly after Germany announced her unrestricted campaign in February, 1917, our merchant ships were being sunk faster than they could be replaced. Yet the enemy was building U-boats faster than we could destroy them. Submarines were winning the war for Germany.

Drastic measures were indicated. From the beginning of the war, transports bringing troops from all parts of the Empire had been convoyed with success, but the Admiralty did not agree to a general convoy system until 1917.

An experimental convoy of twelve ships was run from the United States at the end of May, 1917, with the cruiser *Roxburgh* as ocean escort. Two ships were sent into Halifax to be routed separately because they could not keep pace. Of these, one arrived safely five days later than the convoy; the other was sunk.

The convoy arrived safely after fifteen days at sea. The captain of the cruiser reported station-keeping to be good, and added that he was prepared in future to convoy thirty vessels at a time.

With the success of the system established, it was extended eventually to virtually every part of the world, including not only vessels of the Allies but also a large number of neutrals.

Vessels convoyed by British warships numbered nearly 90,000, with a total tonnage of 97,000,000. Of these 436 vessels only were sunk while in naval charge, equivalent to 0.5 per cent.

In four years 22,114,759 troops were shipped across the seas under convoy, with a total loss of 20 transports, 4,563 troops.

The convoy organisation now has its headquarters at the Admiralty, with specially selected officers at ports of departure, at home and abroad, to which ships are sent for assembly.

PORT Convoy Officers instruct masters on the procedure to be carried out at sea, and zigzag courses to be steered are explained with signals to be made in fog and the action to be taken in any eventuality.

A Commodore of the Convoy, appointed by the Admiralty, sails in the most suitable ship to act as leader, and the convoy is formed in columns to the best advantage for avoiding attack by a submarine and for engaging her with all available means if one is sighted.

Armed merchantmen (or escort naval vessels) form a protective screen round the convoy to ward off attack. If a submarine does manage to penetrate the ring, and make a successful torpedo attack on a particular ship, the others scatter at full speed, one of the smaller escorting vessels remaining behind to rescue the crew.

The convoy system has many advantages. Individual ships are not sunk by scuttling or gunfire from a submarine. A torpedo fired at a convoy is usually aimed from an unfavourable position, and can generally be avoided.

With her position disclosed, the submarine is immediately chased, usually with far more success than when anti-submarine vessels do not arrive on the scene until some hours later.

The U-boat captain's problem is that he does not know whether by the time he manœuvres into firing position, a zig-zagging convoy will be steaming away or coming right at him. He may be too close to fire a torpedo, but if he attempts to come to the surface to verify his position, he will probably find himself under the keel of another ship.

This happened to the German submarine Ace, Von Arnold de la Perriere, in U-139, one of the largest and fastest of the undersea boats, on October 1, 1918. He attacked a slow, ill-protected convoy of ten large ships off Cape Finisterre, Spain, but his torpedo missed, and as the convoy passed over him he surfaced to open fire with his guns. In the fierce duel that followed he was forced to "crash dive," managing to avoid shells and depth charges rained on him.

Twice foiled, he again "surfaced," and overtook the convoy to fire at and disable two ships, the first of which sank. An escort cruiser tried to ram U-139, but another "crash dive" saved her and again she avoided depth charge attacks.

Von Arnold overtook the disabled ship at nightfall and fired a torpedo that found a mark. Then there was a terrible crash overhead. His U-boat listed, lights went out, and water rushed in from the conning tower hatch.

Von Arnold's U-139 was caught under a sinking ship. As a last hope, he gave the order to "pump out" and apply "air pressure in all tanks" in an effort to blow out the water. By sheer good fortune the submarine slid from under the sinking vessel and rose like a balloon to the surface out of control. Von Arnold had again to dive for safety.

With her conning tower damaged and her three periscopes smashed, U-139 was blind, but she managed to limp home to Kiel after the Armistice, one of the few boats to attack a convoy and escape.

ALREADY the convoy system has proved a success in this war. During the second week, a convoy, led by the *Royal Fusilier*, 2,187 tons, of the London-Edinburgh Shipping Co., and bound for a Scottish port, was attacked by two U-boats. The submarines were eluded by the convoy and then the escort vessels took effective action. All the merchant-men arrived safely in port.

We are now in a much more fortunate position to defend our overseas trade and to ensure the arrival of essential war supplies for ourselves and our Allies than we were between 1914 and 1918. Not only have we the experience of the last war, but also the number of German submarines available for distant overseas operations is only one-third of what it was in 1917.

But success finally depends on officers and men, both naval and Mercantile Marine. Lord Jellicoe, First Sea Lord when the convoy system was started, wrote, "It was the devotion, gallantry, most able performance of duty and close attention to orders that finally defeated the submarines."

Better trained, better equipped, and of a higher standard than before, the gallantry and devotion to duty of our Merchant Navy has already defeated the first and strongest onslaught of the present unrestricted war at sea.

Write to JOHN BULL about it!

SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS' WEEKLY WARNINGS

GRAVE ALIEN MENACE

Sir Walter Monckton, K.C., chief of the aliens tribunal

SAUNTERING casually through the West End of London the other day, a rotund, prosperous-looking man in the early forties was recognised by a detective.

"Act quickly and argue afterwards," is the order of these days, so he stopped the man.

Speaking perfect English, the suspect declared he was French, gave his name as Jean Lowry and produced a passport that appeared to be genuine. But he turned out to be Georges Starnegros, a Rumanian, starred in police records in half a dozen countries for his daring crimes. His passport was a forgery.

That's the snare for police in aliens problems. Spies have slipped in among the crowds of refugees, but they will be easier to track than cunning crooks from the Continental underworld, smuggled in just before outbreak of war. Some are getting through even now, despite rigorous new regulations.

A vast drive by specially selected detectives, particularly at such places as Grimsby, Hull, Newhaven, Folkestone and Harwich, as well as London, has revealed that an elaborate organisation in this country is providing British passports for these aliens. The men behind it are working in association with a master rogue, camouflaging himself as a café proprietor in Antwerp.

In the last few months more than 700 dubious foreigners smuggled into the country in one way or another have been traced and dealt with. Many more are still at large.

One expert cracksman, using the name of Applebaum, was found in a fashionable London hotel. He had been working at top speed during the black-out. His passport was a fake.

A house raided in Bloomsbury was filled with aliens, at least four of whom were here without permission. Until then the police had no knowledge of their arrival. They had bribed the captain of a cargo boat.

That is how a swindler named Endre Szekely came here. He swam ashore from a trawler on the South Coast near Brighton. He had passed himself off in London as a prince.

Police realise that only by systematically combing the entire country can all these disguised crooks be rounded up, and that is now being done. Large numbers of detectives have been detailed for the job, and they will not rest until every alien has been accounted for.

New War Swindle

LOOK out for the charming rogue who is telling a most plausible story of a big scheme to establish military hostels. Using the fictitious name of "Charles Goodwin," he has already fleeced an elderly woman of £400, and a Goodrington, Devon, woman of £80.

Goodwin—Tomes is believed to be his real name—works quickly. In all his many swindles, for some of which he has been jailed, he has banked on lightning results, so that he can disappear and lie low by the time his dupes begin to be suspicious.

The Exeter woman has subscribed liberally to various charities for years, but her name has never been made public.

When Tomes, or "Goodwin" as she imagined him to be, approached her, he was able to mention the names of several people she knew. His scheme, supposed to be supported by certain titled people, was that hostels would be required in addition to those run by such organisations as the Y.M.C.A. So artful is "Goodwin" that he was able to obtain a cheque for £400 for an utterly mythical fund.

Tomes started his criminal career shortly after the last war. He had been a captain and was badly wounded. Born in Durham forty-five years ago, it was intended he should become a clergyman.

He came out of jail early this year after serving his ninth sentence for fraud.

Calling himself "Charles Harris," he once collected money for a hospital pageant. It was never held and he disappeared with the money.

There'll be many like this jailbird who will attempt these war-time charity wangles. If you are in doubt, write to me at once.

Certainly Not, Archibald!

"WE hope our terms and conditions as clearly set forth are quite plain to you," write the Star Knitware Company, of Webbs Road, London, S.W., to those who answer their advertisements for hand-knitters.

They are certainly most clear to me, particularly when I see that the concern is run by L. A. Spikesman.

He is the greatest exploiter of dubious homework schemes in the country, and he is at his old games again.

The snare is a charge of 16s. for the first supply of silk to make a sample outfit. This amount, it is promised, will be placed to the credit of the customer, but that's a familiar trick with these homework bluffers.

All they want is a preliminary fee in some form, and then there are all manner of excuses why goods made cannot be bought.

In these days it will be a prevalent ramp.

Have nothing to do with his offer.

Fish Chaos

WHO BLUNDERED?

Behind the bald official announcement that the fish control scheme has been scrapped is hidden a blunder that has put thousands of merchants out of business at Grimsby, Hull, Lowestoft, Fleetwood and other ports. A small army of workers had to be sacked; vast quantities of fish wasted.

To anyone with a practical knowledge of this trade, the complicated arrangements swathed in Whitehall red tape were crazy from the word go.

Instead of fish being handled at ports catches were taken to depots at remote inland places. Fishmongers at Bristol had to go seventy miles for supplies. Such was the muddle, that they were lucky if they obtained any at all.

A Sheffield trader who normally bought 300 stone of fish a day was given three stone after a long journey to the nearest depot.

Birmingham usually took about 100 tons of fish a day. Under the fantastic "control scheme" 240 tons were dumped there all in a day! The result was colossal waste.

Lowestoft fishmongers had to go fifty miles to bring back supplies landed on their doorsteps. Similar reports come from Hull and other ports.

Nearly 700 wholesalers were wiped out in Grimsby; 10,000 men and women lost their jobs.

There were three Government officials dealing with the industry in 1918. This time hundreds of officials to administer the short-lived pandemonium. The over-all cost must have been terrific.

Who was responsible? Even though the Ministry was warned by the trade before the scheme started, the advice was scorned.

Parliament must insist on the arch-bungler being cleared out before he has time to perpetrate further havoc in food control arrangements.

All for One-and-Six . . .

THE letters "P.P." above a Union Jack look imposing on the notepaper of the People's Party, of Brewer Street, London, W., and it opens its arms to people from all classes and all political Parties.

It stands for the right to earn a living in justice and to live in peace with everyone. The slogan is, "At last—the Government of the People by the People for the People." All for 1s. 6d. a year.

John E. Johnstone-Noad, describing himself as the party "Leader," sometimes tacks the title of "Count" to his name—he says he is entitled to it. During the last nine years he has swaggered through all kinds of bombastic poses.

When Sir Henry Seagrave lost his life in a speed-boat record attempt on Lake Windermere, Johnstone-Noad declared he would make the same bid, and said he was spending £25,000 on a boat.

Shortly afterwards he was fined, with the alternative of a month's imprisonment, for not paying his rates!

About that time he was associated with a number of dubious ventures. One was an airport company, which never functioned; another was a film company which piled up many debts.

A fine of £20 for having a crown with the initials J. N. on his car without a licence, fines for being in possession of ammunition and severe reprimands in the High Court are other incidents in his life. Once a judge told him that he just did not believe him.

A fine man to run a People's Party!

Black-Out Jackals Busy

INCREASED accidents on darkened roads are making ambulance-chasing jackals bolder than ever. United Claims Association, of Bartlett's Buildings, Holborn, London, is active.

Its approach, by stereotyped letter, assuring relatives of injured persons that if they will put the matter in their hands they will see to everything is typical of the racket.

Generally they explain that they require only a small percentage of compensation paid, but that's only the beginning of the web in which claimants are entangled. It often ends with payment of fees. The Southern Counties Legal Aid Society, of Oxford Road, Reading, is another of these touting pests.

It is controlled now by E. M. Brooking. When last I warned readers the man behind it was L. S. Brooking.

Don't be mislead by the high-sounding titles almost invariably assumed by these people. They usually include "Society" or "Association," thus giving the impression it is a properly constituted organisation, whereas it is just a one-man business, and ramshackle at that

Public Benefactor

This week's £1 1s. goes to Mr. S. M. Usher, of 8, Edwards Avenue, Holmes Street, Hull.

Each week this sum is paid for information considered most valuable. Address letters to me, marking envelopes: Public Benefactor.

● *Hitler and Stalin start an ill-starred partnership, each suspicious of the other's dreadful record of broken promises*

Just another scrap of paper carrying the signatures of such unscrupulous men as Stalin, Ribbentrop and Molotov, who don't even trust each other

SIGNED, SEALED —and DISHONOURED

NAZI Germany, Soviet Russia, treaty-breakers, both make a solemn treaty never to attack each other, faithfully to consult and co-operate together.

Neither trusts the other an inch.

Neither pays the least attention to that scrap of paper bearing the signatures of crafty Joachim von Ribbentrop and foxy Foreign Commissar Molotov.

Each means to value it just as long as it suits his purposes, not an instant longer.

Each knows what the other has in mind.

From the Kremlin, Comrade-Leader Josef Stalin looks westward towards Berchtesgaden; from the Berghof, Comrade-Leader Adolf Hitler looks eastward towards Moscow—each of them wondering just how long the pact WILL suit the other's purpose.

They have sworn friendship.

But what is friendship to such men?

EACH of them has a reputation for shooting his closest friends and colleagues at dawn.

Each must be thinking a little uneasily, in view of the other's record, that it may not be long before the new pact is dishonoured as lightly as its predecessors.

Stalin's list of broken pledges is shorter than Hitler's.

He has had fewer temptations.

Still, this same Josef Stalin solemnly pledged the Soviet Union last March to "the support of nations which are the victims of aggression and are fighting for the independence of their country."

Soviet Russia has a treaty of mutual assistance with France. What has become if it? It is dead, dishonoured! Instead of assisting France, Soviet Russia attacks her ally in the rear.

Soviet Russia has a treaty of non-aggression with Poland. She claimed to be no longer bound by it a few hours before her armies went over the border of this stricken neighbour.

SOVIET Russia has treaties of non-aggression with all her Baltic neighbours.

To-day not even optimists consider they have the slightest value. They will be dishonoured in a moment if Stalin thinks it suits his purpose.

Soviet Russia has signed the Covenant of the League of Nations, has loudly professed her devotion to it, and by Article X. she has undertaken "to respect the territorial integrity and existing political independence of all Members of the League."

Poland is a member. Stalin has violated the Covenant.

Hitler must wonder, as he looks through this record, whether Molotov's signature on the Soviet-German treaty is worth two pfennigs.

If two pfennigs is a doubtful value for Molotov's signature, what is the value of the signature of Joachim von Ribbentrop?

Von Ribbentrop's master, Hitler, has broken treaty after treaty, pledge after pledge, promise after promise.

Mr. Chamberlain has summed up the most glaring instances.

"Hitler gave his word that he would respect the Locarno Treaty; he broke it," said the Prime Minister.

"He gave his word that he neither wished nor intended to annex Austria; he broke it.

"He declared that he would not incorporate the Czechs in the Reich; he did so.

"He gave his word after Munich that he had no further territorial demands in Europe; he broke it.

"He gave his word that he wanted no Polish provinces; he broke it."

Mr. Chamberlain was referring to personal pledges. There are a score more of them scattered through his seven-year record. Not once has he threatened Europe without vowing his devotion to peace, after the crisis.

Not one *coup* has he brought off without swearing that, as he once phrased it, "the period of so-called surprises is now over."

HE has broken his own word. He has broken Germany's solemn international engagements.

He repudiated the Armaments Section of the Treaty of Versailles in 1935.

He tore up the Treaty of Locarno in 1936.

He violated again and again the Non-Intervention agreement about Spain in 1937.

He violated the treaty he himself had made with Austria in 1936, two years after it had been made.

He violated the agreement about Czechoslovakia that had been made in Munich in 1939.

Not a year has gone by since he settled himself in power by shooting his closest comrades, without the repudiation or violation by Germany of some major international treaty.

Destroying his non-aggression treaty with Poland (which in 1935 he swore to "keep blindly"), as preparation for his attack on her was only the last in the series of perfidies.

And now?

Now he has made his new pact with a man as unscrupulous as himself.

These allies smile cordially on each other. But they will both keep their hands on their guns—just in case.

Imaginary Interviews on

The Black-out Bus

"FARES, please! Could I change twenty marks? Could I. Could Lloyd George do it? But you will 'ave your little joke. Like old Doctor Gobbles. No offence meant, sir, but with that foxy 'ead of yours in this 'ere blue light, you might be 'is double!

"A pahnd note, you say? Ah, that's different! A Jimmy O'Goblin's good enough for me. And for Gobbles, too! Pretty near a million 'e's got salted down outside Germany!

"All 'is pals, too; Ribbendrops and bull-neck Goering, and 'Immler and 'Ess and Uncle Tom Streicher an' all!

"Adolf's the clever one, though! They 'aven't found 'is little bag of loot yet. 'E's got it tucked away proper, 'e 'as!

"WOT'S that you say: 'Just spreading their risks!' You're tellin' me! All them Nazi boys must 'ave a lot of risks to spread.

"They say Streicher's doing a stretch in one of them concentration camps and Gobbles is off the air. P'raps 'e wasn't arrested, p'raps 'e's just restin'—by order.

"Why. 'e might like to be interned 'ere for all I know. We've got a soft 'eart for a popular entertainer and some of Doctor Gobbles' stuff was good. Don't you think so yourself, Mister?

"Remember when 'e was saying his bit about the Jews and 'ow Germany must watch they didn't smuggle their traitors' gold aht of the country?

"That was pretty 'ot, wasn't it, when all the time old Gobbles and his gang was 'buying British' or American for all they was worth and e sight more than that!

"REMEMBER 'ow 'e went for the Bolshies and the Red scum and blood-stained Stalin?

"Nasty shock for 'im to find Ttler and Stalin are just two good old pals after all—thick as thieves as you might say!

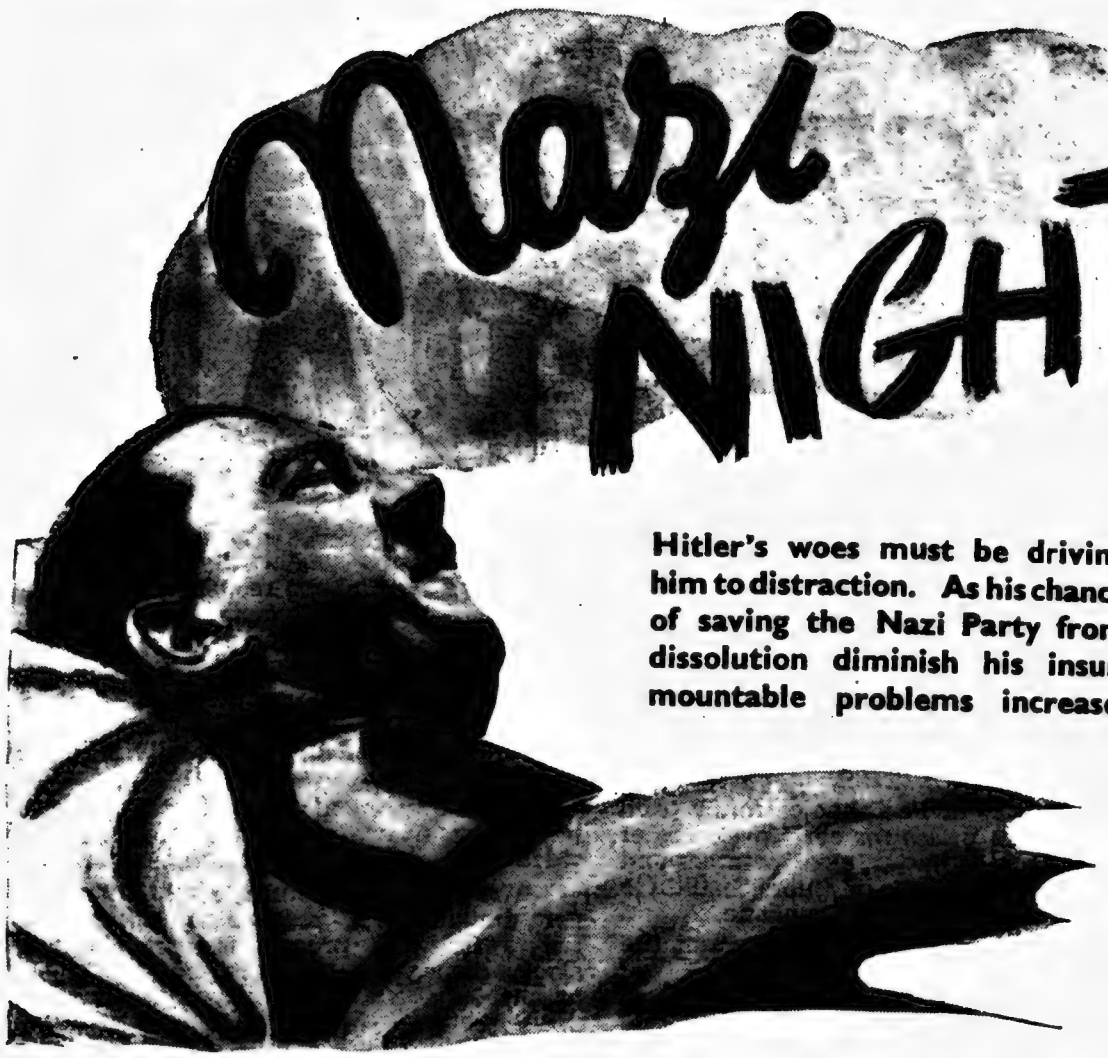
"You think Gobbles may 'ave been misrepresented? 'Oly Mackerel! Wouldn't that be tough for a bloke who lied so 'ard and fast 'e never 'ad time to swallow 'is own words.

"Still, we've got no 'ard feelings. We don't wish 'im no 'arm. All I 'ope is that Gobbles and the rest of 'em stop safe in Germany until Jerry 'imself gets to 'ear about their little nest-eggs in foreign banks.

"Jerry will look after 'em all right.

"And blimey, Mister, if I wos a Jerry 'bus conductor instead of a London one, and if I got wise all of a sudden to old Gobbles, well . . . I wouldn't 'arf punch 'is ticket for 'im!"

Nazi NIGHTMARES



Hitler's woes must be driving him to distraction. As his chance of saving the Nazi Party from dissolution diminish his insurmountable problems increase.

NOBODY will ever know what nightmares haunt Adolf Hitler's fevered brain as the ghostly legions he has sent to death march past his couch in the small hours.

But it is not necessary to be a mind reader to put a finger on the causes of his waking nightmares.

The nervous tension obvious in his bombastic speeches shows that he is a man under a nervous strain, a victim of his own "war of nerves," striving desperately to prevent his régime from cracking.

He is realising that after driving a machine flat-out for years you cannot get extra speed out of it merely by putting down your foot a little harder on the accelerator.

Even a machine that is running with perfect co-ordination has its limits, and the Nazis' war machine is by no means perfect.

Quite apart from all the terrifying visions now flooding out of Czechoslovakia to haunt him, the Fuehrer must sweat with fear as he tries to estimate the results of his pact with Stalin.

He must remember his advisers telling him that, with Russia as an ally, even if he won a war against the democracies, he would be stabbed in the back when too weak to resist.

Spies have told him that thousands of Germans in the streets of Berlin and Hamburg turned the Nazi salute into the clenched fist of Bolshevism when they heard of the pact with Stalin.

Even when his spokesmen were saying, "Now the Communists have joined our ranks we have eliminated our most dangerous opposition," four million German ex-Communists believed that the pact was a signal for Bolshevist penetration of the Nazi Party.

Death an Escape

There is little that the Gestapo can do about these four million ambassadors of Bolshevism, for they are the most efficient skilled workers.

The stronghold of Communism in Germany has always been munition factories. These men have not changed. They have only been lying low.

It will need more than brutal Himmler's million and a half S.S. men of the Black Guard to win the war on the Home Front.

Even their brutality will be of no avail against the hardships that will eventually make the German workers turn against their oppressor.

Now weary and listless after years of hard driving, the common people are reaching a point at which even obedient Germans mutter resentfully.

Concentration camps are overcrowded. The death penalty no longer holds terror. It is almost an escape.

Letters arriving in London by way of Denmark show that Germans listen to British broadcasts even though they risk death.

And German soldiers captured on the Western Front had in their pockets the leaflets dropped by R.A.F. aircraft.

Naturally brave, obedient even in the face of odds, they can't help being troubled by thoughts of starving families at home, of children between the ages of twelve and fifteen being forced to work on the land, of every girl between seventeen and twenty-five being made to submit to new labour regulations sending her into a strange land to do war service.

No Urge to Win

Even the best soldiers can't fight at their best if there is nothing for them to fight for, no urge to victory.

Not even military victories can now prevent the eventual dissolution of the Nazi Party. There is no sign yet of revolutionary spirit becoming widespread, and none is likely to be noticed for some time to come.

But it is significant that there is no longer unbending enthusiasm among German people for Nazi practices.

They begin to see through the urge of the Nazis to impress the world with a strength that doesn't exist.

German workers have seen military tanks break down in Berlin streets.

They are too skilled as craftsmen to be deceived. They know that the materials with which their tanks and guns have been created in the last few years have been inferior.

They have seen synthetic rubber tyres melt on hot roads; they have seen a field-gun collapse when it accidentally ran into a stone monument.

Without boots, iron railings, essential foods, wedding rings, watches, they begin to share another of Hitler's nightmares—the knowledge that even before the blockade started their country was starved for necessities.

Yet another of the Fuehrer's headaches is represented by that brave new word, Mechanisation.

Hitler is responsible for the wholesale mechanisation of his fighting machine, and now he must be wondering whether it was not his worst mistake of all.

For, when Stalin finished off Polish resistance, the German armies-on-wheels were beginning to get out of control.

In the first week of war the mechanised units, pride of the German Army, proved a liability instead of an asset.

Advance troops travelled so fast that it was all but impossible to consolidate their newly won positions.

Roads were so jam-packed that ambulances carrying wounded men away from the front were edged off the tarmac into the mud. Tactical retreat meant complete chaos in mechanised ranks. . . .

But it is in the air that the Nazis are paying the full price for their improvisations.

Even when not made of the hardest steel, guns and tanks can put up a show for a time, but shoddy aircraft, ill-equipped and roughly created, are lost in an instant when opposed to machines of first-class British and French workmanship.

In seven years Germany produced a huge war-machine. To do it, every man and woman was enlisted. Even wedding rings were sacrificed to the Fuehrer's madness.

Ex-Corporal Interferes

To aid production, 200,000 men were brought into Germany to work on the land and in factories. They have gone back to their home countries, and German workers are mobilised to a man.

Field-Marshal Goering said the "iron will of the German people" would keep them going in a war, but it will not keep factories working at full speed.

Women and children only are left to tend land that has already been neglected for years—neglected to turn out guns and shells. It is impossible.

Every time Hitler heard a German shell explode over Poland he must have realised that his greatly vaunted stock of ammunition had suffered another loss, an irreplaceable loss.

That trip of his to the Front, moreover, represents a nightmare for his generals.

For months, German military experts have used what liberty they still possessed to try to dissuade the ex-corporal from assuming command of German troops. They pointed out that the only times in history when political and military leadership were combined the result was defeat.

Hitler refused to take the hint. He joined the army on the Polish frontier even when General Wedel, Germany's greatest military writer, was saying, "We must attribute Germany's catastrophe at the end of the Great War to the political activities of German generals."

Even Field-Marshal Herman Goering, who should have known better, has gone to the Front "to be with his air force."

No War Potentials

Perhaps, in assuming command, Hitler hoped to keep himself so occupied that he wouldn't have time to worry about those mysterious things called "war potentials"—another of his dilemmas.

War potentials are reserve assets, and you can judge how well off Hitler is in this direction by the story that he postponed Der Tag for three weeks because he had only six million pounds' worth of gold in the banks, compared with Britain's six hundred millions.

How could he pay for raw material, even if he could get it into the country?

Yet his production manager, Goering, who has robbed the land to feed the factories, continued to shout about his country's wealth, offering, in the manner of a street-hawker to pay for supplies with materials and production.

And this with not a man to spare out of the army; with food production figures far nearer danger level than they have been for many years; and with food only enough for a nation of half Germany's size.

It would need a miracle to solve the problems that threaten the Nazi régime.

For all his blundering, Hitler must realise his precarious position, must admit the crushing difficulties presented by these overpowering Nazi nightmares.

These Men Are TRAITO

"Without Fear or Favour" by The EDITOR

TRAITORS are in our midst!

All through the last war JOHN BULL fought the profiteers and the profligates. Now we shall have to fight them again, for already our letter-bag is heavy with complaints, and our special correspondents report case after case of private extortion on the one hand and gross waste of public money on the other.

We know that Parliament is alive to this danger and we rejoice that the President of the Board of Trade has promised early and drastic legislation to curb profiteering and to punish offenders.

Heavy fines, and even prison sentences, will be powerful deterrents; powers to put the persistent profiteer clean out of business still more so.

But the get-rich-quick gentry are slippery customers. It needs a fine-meshed net and a strong one to hold them, and we must reserve our opinion of present promises until they are translated into performance. Good intentions alone do not pave the way to Paradise.

Let us face facts. Profiteering is treason against the realm. Soldiers can be shot for less.

Waste of public money, with or without a profit motive, is culpable negligence, and for such negligence fighting men can also be shot.

In other words, the profiteer and the waster are plain traitors and public enemies.

To denounce them and defeat their efforts is the clear duty of us all.

As the war goes on, there is bound to be a considerable rise of prices in many directions. We accept this sad necessity, but we cannot excuse the callous greed that anticipates price rises before they occur.

We Denounce as Profiteers . . .

WE denounce as profiteers every wholesaler and retailer who rushes up prices on existing stocks, or passes on increased costs, **multiplied two or three times over**, to the public.

Thousands of wholesale and retail traders have done this already.

The sudden sharp rise in the cost of sand-bags, black-out material and all the incidentals of A.R.P. is notorious.

One of our Manchester readers was asked to pay a halfpenny each for drawing pins, and tells us that this rise is "almost beside the point"!

But it isn't. It is an instance, though a small one, of the way in which greedy people have been "coining money" at the public's expense—and the profiteer certainly won't rest on his profits.

ON THE CONTRARY, COMPLAINTS HAVE REACHED US FROM ALL OVER THE COUNTRY OF RISING PRICES FOR FOODSTUFFS, CLOTHING AND ESSENTIAL COMMODITIES.

The Ministry of Food has certainly fixed maximum retail prices for certain classes of foodstuffs, such as butter, eggs, potatoes and sugar, and customers who pay more than these prices have only themselves to blame.

Outside the controlled list, however, the consumer is not yet protected.

Hence tinned salmon, formerly sold at sevenpence a tin, has been offered at elevenpence-halfpenny right through one chain of stores.

And it is also to be noted that the controlled price of butter has left many a retailer with an extra profit of twopence a pound.

One can hardly call that profiteering in the worst sense of the word, but we remember that in the last war prices were sometimes controlled so badly as to force profits upon wholesaler and retailer alike.

These Increases are Unjustifiable

CONSTANT revision and close scrutiny must therefore be exercised by the Food Ministry lest we should repeat the old mistakes.

Apart from direct price increases, all the shabby old dodges are being trotted out again.

Customers are being refused sugar unless they make other purchases, too. Meat is plentiful at top prices, but often unobtainable at the normal rates.

Every woman who does her own shopping knows that prices are rising, and suspects the excuses made to her.

Stockings are generally a shilling a pair dearer; dry goods, clothing, boots and shoes have been marked up anything from 10 to 80 per cent. . . .

Most of these increases are unjustified. Shop assistants in London and provincial towns have been telling indignant customers that goods, seen at one price in the windows just before the war, are now much dearer.

Sometimes the original tickets have only been changed to score the old price out and put the new one in!

We know that in many instances traders with capital were building up stocks for months.

When war was declared their shops and warehouses were full to capacity, but, soon afterwards, they closed down for a day or two ostensibly to replenish stock.

Customers were told that transport and other difficulties were delaying supplies.

Actually, when the shops reopened, all the old stock was marked up at the new war prices.

There is nothing new in these contemptible manœuvres. We saw them "worked to the limit" between 1914 and 1918, but we hoped that we should never see them again.

The Government's scheme for the compulsory insurance of commodities has provided the opportunity for another ramp.

The present insurance rate of 6 per cent. per annum is a reasonable premium to secure full and prompt compensation for stock damaged or destroyed by enemy action.

BUT SOME WHOLESALERS ARE INCREASING PRICES TO COVER THE PREMIUM TWO OR THREE, OR EVEN FOUR, TIMES OVER.

THEY PAY 6 PER CENT. A YEAR, BUT THEY GET THIS OUTLAY BACK EVERY TIME THEY TURN OVER THEIR STOCK!

Let us turn now from the greedy trader and the unscrupulous wholesaler to the wasteful official and the profiteering worker.

You must know that Service contract work is now proceeding at a furious pace in all parts of the country—but do you know, we wonder, that most of this work is still being carried out on the old and rotten basis of "cost plus profits"?

Believe us, it is!

Among other national war time activities, we may mention the building of enormous camps, though we are not allowed to tell you where they are situated.

Loafers Getting "Away with it" Now

HOWEVER, we sent an investigator to one of these camps, and his report, although it discloses no corrupt practices, filled us with alarm, so closely similar was it to scores of others which we filed away in our "waste" dossiers of twenty-five years ago!

Close supervision of labour is admittedly difficult when huge rush contracts have to be undertaken, but, making allowance for that, we learn of workers who clock in at one gate and walk out at another; of men who clock in for their pals; and of hundreds of loafers who "do nothing and get away with it."

Again, among these workers, who are all earning good money, there are some who take a day or two off during the week but who never miss a Sunday at double pay!

One of the older men at one huge camp told our investigator:

"In two months I haven't heard of anybody being sacked. Chaps in our trade had to

ORS!

work full pelt for years through fear of the sack. Now there's a chance of a rest cure and they're taking it! Do you blame them?"

Yes, we do blame them.

It may be "human nature" to loaf when you get the chance, but it's the shabbiest kind of human nature.

The man who draws a pay envelope he hasn't attempted to earn honestly is a profiteer and "nothing else but."

Waste—exactly the same sort of waste that there was in the last war—is going on in this camp and in others.

The Army is always in a hurry. When lorries and cars and motor-cycles break down and the Army repair shops cannot cope with the work, jobs are farmed out to local garages. And the official attitude is: **"Don't wait to do repairs; just fit new parts and damn the expense!"**

Are we to Accept Blatant Scandals?

UNDER the bad old system of costs plus guaranteed profits on such contracts **you are bound to get waste of this kind!**

We remember one firm during the last war building an aerodrome with an enormously expensive outfit of tools, picks, shovels, dredgers, and so on.

Immediately that contract was completed another was begun, and a completely new stock of material was bought.

What, you may wonder, happened to the perfectly serviceable material used for the first camp?

Well, it was sold off as so much junk. The Government paid for the loss and also paid the fixed profit on all the new stuff!

Are we to put up with a repetition of these old and blatant scandals?

Are we again to suffer the disgusting contrast of the overpaid war worker and the fighting man on Service allowance?

Must we again endure the rise to wealth of a host of public robbers?

It doesn't seem possible, and yet, unless the Government and public *combine* to stamp out waste and profiteering, we shall certainly be victimised again.

We have a Ministry of Food and a Ministry of Supply, and heaven forbid any multiplication of the bureaucrats!

Nevertheless, the Government should organise from its existing staffs one "High Command" empowered to deal with the public pickpockets wherever they may be found.

UNTIL THIS "HIGH COMMAND" IS FORMED AND GETTING ON WITH ITS JOB, "JOHN BULL" WILL CONTINUE TO SERVE AS YOUR WATCHDOG AND GUARD YOUR POCKETS AS HE WOULD HIS OWN.

Another Brilliant Cartoon by Kem

Mr. Octavius Brown Finds Escape . . .

Not with the Boss Looking...

Will Scott

—continues his brilliant short story series. There's a smile and a surprise in this week's masterpiece. And there may be a moral—but, like the great O. Henry, Will Scott leaves that to you.

WHISTLE while you work. . . . Yes, that's all very well in a film. But can you? Could Simms, chauffeur to Mr. Octavius Brown?

Not with the boss looking.

He could only stand there in his neat uniform, by the side of the Rolls, waiting, while the boss looked and looked and looked. Trying to find something to grumble about. Simms knew.

Or thought he did.

What the boss was really thinking was: "Who bought that uniform? I did. Who wears it? Simms does. Who never has to worry about where his next suit comes from? Simms. Who pays for *my* suits? *I* do."

And he frowned, and Simms wondered if he'd left some mud on the back wing.

Having frowned, the boss went on with his thinking.

"Who paid for the car? I did. Who pays the tax and upkeep? I do. Who looks after it and nurses it and treats it like his own and drives it and has all the fun out of it? Simms does."

He frowned harder than ever, and now Simms was certain that he had left mud on the back wing.

The boss lit a cigar. Cigars are for those who like them. Simms fancied a cigarette himself. At that moment, more than anything in the whole world.

In his pocket was a nice new packet. But could he?

Not with the boss looking.

From one thing to another went the thoughts of Mr. Octavius Brown.

"Who has the responsibility I have? Who hasn't? Simms. Who hasn't a care in the world? Simms.

"Who has all the cares in the world? I have. Who's a born mug? I am."

He turned away and went indoors.

Mr. Octavius Brown was self-made, and you had to admit he'd made a good job of it.

He had made practically everything except his surname. His other name, when he came out of his cradle, was John, but he thought Octavius would be better for business, and so it was. He got it out of a book.

MR. OCTAVIUS BROWN had begun at rock bottom. Taking a basket round for the local grocer, repairing bicycles, singing songs at the piano for coppers in pubs., working sixty hours a week as a packer in a shoe factory. . . .

A humdrum beginning if ever there was one.

With a commonplace background in a commonplace suburb, and a commonplace holiday, as the Life and Soul of the Party, with commonplace people in some commonplace resort that reeked of vinegar and cockles, once a year.

And now, whenever he felt like it, the South of France. Champagne. The Rolls. Simms and the rest of them.

The rest of them, when he got into the house, annoyed him as much as Simms had been annoying him.

The butler and the whole of the staff. His secretary. They made him think, just now, that he'd climbed to the top to keep a lot of people in jobs.

The house itself. Twenty rooms. Well, you could only be in one room at a time. He couldn't be in more. The others couldn't be in less.

They paid not a bean towards the cost. He paid the lot.

The roof sheltered them as much as it sheltered him, but he paid.

The central heating warmed them as much as it warmed him, but he paid.

He was the keystone that kept the arch together. All the worry was his.

And after all his worry he realised that he didn't know a single one of them. "Yes, sir." "No, sir." "Very good, sir." That was as near as he ever got to them.

Nor could it be otherwise. If he was to say, "Look here, Jenkins, old boy, cut out all this 'Yes, sir,' and sit down and have a drink.

"FORGET you're a butler for an hour or so, if you can. Help yourself to a cigar. Tell me about yourself. Stop behaving like a doll!"

Well, if he were to say that, inside twenty-four hours they'd all be taking advantage of him.

That was the trouble. You gave all these people their living, and as soon as you turned your back——

"Simms, for instance. Suppose I were to say 'Look here, Simms, I'm going to the South of France for a fortnight. You can do as you like.'

"Well, inside half an hour he'd be touring Britain in my car, wearing the clothes that I bought, having the time of his life on my money. I know! You can't trust anybody. . . ."

He stared at himself in the glass.

"What's the matter with me? I used to like people. I've got everything a man can want. What's the matter?

"Fifty next week. Or is it my liver? Overwork. I've got to get away—right away from every darned thing."

He told his secretary to get his money and passport, and his secretary said: "Yes, sir."

He told Jenkins to pack his trunks, and Jenkins said: "Yes, sir."

He told Simms, on the way to Victoria, that he was going to the South of France for a fortnight, and Simms said: "Yes, sir."

"And," he added, "you can do as you like."

"Yes, sir," said Simms.

And that was that. All of it.

Mr. Octavius Brown did not buy his ticket immediately. He moped for some hours in the hotel.

"Heading for a breakdown," he told himself, "while they live on the fat of the land. Smoking my cigars and drinking my wine—I know!

"Wearing the things I've bought, using my petrol and my car, dashing about all over the map.

"A pretty fine holiday at my expense, and they think I never guess. 'Yes, sir.' 'No, sir.' 'Very good, sir.' Huh!"

When dusk fell he made up his mind. He called a taxi and went back home to the house with twenty rooms.

IT seemed very quiet. He walked up the drive and saw there were no lights in the front of the house.

He turned aside to the garage.

On his key-ring were keys to every room in the premises. He unlocked the garage door, went in and switched on the light.

There was the Rolls. He looked at it for a whole minute. He could scarcely believe it

He switched off the light and locked up. He climbed the outer staircase to Simms' rooms and listened at the door.

There wasn't a sound. He unlocked the door and went in, switched the light on there.

No Simms. Simms' livery was thrown anyhow across the bed. Simms' peaked cap was on a hook. Simms' leather gloves were on the dressing-table. Simms' shiny leggings, discarded, were on the floor. But no Simms.

Mr. Octavious Brown went quietly downstairs.

And walked back to Victoria.

* * *

Under a haystack, behind a hedge, in the full glare of the June sun, sat Simms. A signpost pointed a wooden finger to Shingle Bay, twelve miles, and things came back to the mind of Simms.

May. Fifteen years ago.

The little back room of the "Beehive" on the prom. at Shingle Bay.

"I'll go there," said Simms drowsily, blinking at the sun. "Soon. Later. When I'm ready."

He plucked a cigarette out of his pocket and lit it.

"May. Fifteen years ago. Married now, most likely.

"Oh, well, I can look her up. Treat all the bar to drinks. Have a do. Just to wind up the holiday. It'll be something to tell the lads at the 'Hour Glass' when I get back to town."

Staring into the empty sky, Simms told himself that this was the life. Old sports coat, old pair of flannel bags, drifting about from day to day. . . .

HE pretty nearly winced when he thought of his living. Gloves. Not a speck on him anywhere. And those damned leggings!

"Make you feel like Exhibit A," he muttered

As for the Rolls ——.

"I could have kicked it when I came away. Chained to the thing night and day, that's what I am. Confound the Rolls—that's what I can say now, for a day or two."

Free! Yes, this was the life, all right. Until he got back.

And then he reflected that you can't have everything. He'd started down at the bottom, and if you'd seen him at twenty-five you'd have said yourself that he'd never be anything but the winder of the handle of a petrol pump.

You'd never have guessed, looking at him there in his grimy blue overalls, that he had ambition that he'd be, one day, chauffeur to the great Mr. Octavius Brown.

House free, clothes provided, good pay. But, somehow ——.

"You've got to give something up when you climb," Simms reminded himself.

"It's never free and easy quite the same. If I was to forget to call him 'Sir' just once! If I was to say 'Say, chum, got a match for my fag?' *Would* the fat be in the fire?

"Suppose he can be quite a decent bloke when you get to know him. Only you never get to know him. 'Yes, sir.' 'No, sir.' 'Very good, sir.'

"It's like being a doll. Oh, well, you've got to give something up when you climb.

"Might still be crawling about with a grease-rag at the old garage with thirty-seven bob a week. After all, I have climbed."

He rose and got over the stile, back to the highway. He walked along.

Cars passed him. Big cars, some of

(Continued at foot of next page)

No arm-chair job for this trained A.R.P. warden

Great A.R.P. Scandal

Too many "soft-job" seekers endanger spirit of National Service

SCRAP the whole system of A.R.P. wardens—scrap and rebuild it.

JOHN BULL is impelled to make this demand after detailed investigations in scores of districts.

Our enquiries have revealed not only widespread muddle, but a host of "soft-job" scandals that flout the Government's instructions and nullify the spirit of National Service.

Immediately after the outbreak of war local councils began wholesale recruiting of paid wardens.

They ignored the official ruling that only twenty per cent. of the total number of wardens should be placed on the pay-roll.

In town after town these new and untrained wardens settled themselves in soft jobs. They were given positions of authority over the heads of voluntary and unpaid workers who had given up their leisure for months of training.

These hurriedly enlisted paid wardens were not drawn from the ranks of the unemployed. Ex-Servicemen, business men with organising experience who had suddenly found themselves workless owing to trade difficulties—these were disdained by most councils.

This is what we found in one great Northern city:—

One paid warden owns three large shops, which are being managed by his assistants. Another keeps an off-licence and grocery store. Another is a publican.

In a smaller town a garage proprietor has enrolled as a paid driver. He "stands by" in the evenings only so that he can continue to manage his business during the day.

Those are a few examples of a general scandal. Nearly everywhere we found pensioned ex-policemen and well-paid civic officials among the untrained but paid wardens.

Many voluntary workers have resigned in disgust. A few boroughs have courageously admitted the existence of these evils, and are making a clean sweep.

St. Pancras Council has given notice to its seven hundred paid wardens, and is recruiting them afresh from the ranks of the trained workers who did not wait until the war before offering their services.

The cases found in that borough of families drawing £9 a week for A.R.P. duties can be matched in districts throughout the length and breadth of the land.

Moreover, owing to Home Office muddle, there is still a grave lack of equipment in many vulnerable areas.

In some towns, while a few wardens' posts are kept fully manned, others are staffed for only a few hours a day. Some wardens are serving an eighty-four-hour week, with no day off duty, while their superiors ornament arm-chair jobs which leave them plenty of leisure.

WE DEMAND, THEREFORE, A REVOLUTION IN THE WHOLE ORGANISATION OF THIS VITAL FORM OF NATIONAL DEFENCE.

The voluntary unpaid principle must be maintained. Only the head wardens on full-time duty should receive payment. The pensioners and two-job men must be weeded out!

HE WANTS A £100,000,000

A LONDON evening paper has published an interview given to one of its reporters by Mr. Maurice Bart Bloom.

He urged that every Jew in the world should contribute to a Freedom Fund regularly throughout the war, and for a time afterwards, to provide munitions for the Allies and to help afterwards in the work of restoration.

"I don't care," Mr. Bloom said, "whether subscriptions are a penny a day or a pound, or even a halfpenny, so long as every Jew throughout the world gives what he can afford, and so long as subscription is regular.

"In my own mind I have visualised the collection by nations, with national committees co-ordinated by a central international committee in London or Paris or elsewhere.

"The trade unions have solved this problem of the small collection; why can't Jewry?

"Make no mistake, the scheme is practicable. It has a moral force. Jewry, I believe, would be proud to be associated with it.

"Give a little tab for the buttonhole as a mark of membership; different colours for different subscriptions; grade the officers according to the recruits they enrol.

"Put a bit of fun into it and arouse the competitive spirit."

The report continued:—

Mr. Bloom explained that they would be at the disposal of the Allies for their use in prosecuting the war—food, guns, ammunition, aeroplanes, and merchandise.

Unless each national committee thought it more practical, no money collected in any country need be spent outside it.

He's Hoping!

Official returns show that there are about 16,000,000 Jews in the world.

A yearly collection, Mr. Bloom estimated, would amount to about £25,000,000.

There were also hundreds of thousands of Jews who were not of the congregation—men and women who had become partly merged in the nations among whom they had settled, or who were in an indeterminate position.

They were none the less Jews, and his appeal was to them also.

The £30,000,000 a year could then well become £100,000,000.

Mr. Bloom, it was stated, has been interested in building many of London's largest buildings, and declared he was prepared to throw all his organisation and means into the idea.

No doubt—but that's the snag.

The idea is excellent—but who is Mr. Maurice Bart Bloom?

His headquarters at 15, Berkeley Square, London, W., have figured in many enquiries and complaints.

JOHN BULL has a formidable dossier dealing with his past activities, and has found it necessary on a number of occasions to criticise him severely.

It Failed

Bloom, for example, was closely associated with a concern formed to sell cheap gramophones. It fizzled out after he had collaborated with two other financiers in floating it.

Then an issuing house he was connected with came into bad odour because of the disastrous end of financial propositions it sponsored.

So, if the Jewish Fund to fight Hitlerism is started, by all means support it, but first find out what is Mr. Bloom's organisation, and what are his resources.

Continued from previous page

Not with the Boss Looking!

A shabby figure he was . . . Ancient sports coat, shabby flannel bags . .

them, with chauffeurs in livery and men with cigars behind. They made him smile.

The men with the cigars wondered why. The chauffeurs didn't, because they weren't paid to wonder. But the men with cigars wondered, and some of them looked back.

A shabby figure he was. Ancient sports coat, shabby flannel bags; just drifting along.

Some of the men with the cigars wondered what he could have to smile at.

Ten miles, five miles, two miles. Shingle Bay at last, stretched out there along the edge of the sea, bigger than when he had known it, more imposing, altered in a hundred ways.

Fifteen years, after all, is a long time.

"Didn't know I'd finish up here," mused Simms. "Moved, I'll bet. If she's still here. Oh, well, it'll be something to tell the lads at the 'Hour Glass' when I get back to town."

And down the long sea front, to the little side door of the "Beehive" went Simms, the man who had climbed.

And back in town, in the bar-parlour of the "Hour Glass," he told the lads.

And the lads said, "Well, and what did she say?"

And Simms said "Nothing. She didn't see me. I saw her just for a minute. Then out I came. I didn't paint the old pub red, after all. Couldn't very well. Not with the boss looking."

"The boss?" said the lads.

"It's a very peculiar thing," said Simms. "I don't know why—he said he was going to the South of France—but there he was in the public bar of the 'Beehive' at Shingle Bay, with his hat on one side, thumping out 'Dolly Daydream' at the old piano, a pint in front of him, and everybody gathered round, singing and raising hell.

"A very peculiar thing indeed, and it's more than I can understand. But, believe it or not, it's true. Not that I dare mention it to him.

"And, do you know, this morning, when he got back, he gave me a cigar. I was so surprised I nearly forgot to say 'Thank you, sir.'"

WAR MARRIAGES ...

—Are they wise or foolish? The Woman must decide, says Humanist

Here is one of the many happy couples in uniform who have got married since the war began. They have no misgivings about the wisdom of this step.

THIS week I propose to deal with a few problems created by the war. Here is one of the most urgent:

"I have been engaged for a couple of years, but circumstances have prevented my marrying. Now that hostilities have broken out my fiancée wants me to marry her immediately.

"I would willingly do so, except for one thing.

"If I have to go abroad with the Colours there is always the possibility that I may be wounded, killed, or (worst of all) maimed for life.

"And to come home to my wife, knowing that I might be a handicap to her instead of her mainstay, strikes me as something which does not seem fair.

"I admit I'm pessimistic—who isn't, nowadays?—But no one can deny that the possibilities exist. Can you advise me?"

That letter was written at the beginning of September—which may account for the streak of pessimism in it.

There was a passing shadow of pessimism at first, but it disappeared almost at once. As soon as we knew that we were definitely committed an extraordinary cheerfulness asserted itself.

Only a fool refuses to face facts. It is true that any sailor, soldier or airman may become a casualty, but in modern warfare that is also true of non-combatants.

There are no exemptions from danger nowadays. We take all the necessary precautions and then carry on as best we can.

SO I see no reason why the young couple should not marry. If the girl is ready to take the risk, why should the man hesitate?

There is a great rush of war-weddings—and who can blame them?

The man will get leave at intervals. These home-comings will be infinitely happier if he is returning to a wife instead of to a fiancée.

They will naturally want to spend every moment of "leave" together—to be all-in-all to each other.

An unselfish man, like the writer of the letter, will think about his wife's future; but if she is eager to marry that should remove his scruples.

I think the woman should decide. Even though the worst may happen, I don't think she will repent giving the fullest proof of her love.

My next letter comes from the mother of four young children who have been evacuated until happier days:

"I often used to scold them for the noise they made, and many a time have I told them I wished they would go right away and leave me in peace.

"Well, they have gone right away and I've got my bit of peace.

"But I don't like it at all. I wish the whole crazy business was over and they were all back again.

"I don't pretend my children are angels. They can be a real nuisance; they make a terrible lot of work; and it's a big responsibility having them to rear and care for.

"They are a big expense, too, and one has to make sacrifices all the time when they are young. There isn't much gratitude either.

"But, in spite of everything, I would not be without them for worlds.

"I don't envy those married couples who have only themselves to think about. A home without a child or two seems unnatural.

"My husband tells me I can pack up and go after them. I expect I could soon find a job out in the country, but I don't think it is quite right to leave him while he is doing work of national importance.

"I wish you would say what you think about it, because there must be hundreds of other women who feel like me. Ought I to go or stop here?"

A HOME without children seems unnatural because it is unnatural. It is as unnatural as if a pair of birds made a nest and kept it empty or used it only for themselves!

While the children are away the mothers are bound to feel strange. They will think about them wistfully, recalling the times they were angry with them about some trifling offence, and the way they often "snapped" at them in their impatience.

They will declare that when the children return, safe and sound, they will never scold them again!

But it would not happen like that. Before the children had been back a week the noble resolves would be forgotten and things would become much as they were before.

We all know what happens when a child is seriously ill. We remember all the harsh words we have said and the punishment we have inflicted.

We vow that if only the child is spared we will show nothing but kindness for ever after.

But such promises are short-lived when the danger is over; old habits soon reassert themselves.

I don't advise the mother to leave home in order to be near her children.

They are being competently cared for and are quickly adapting themselves to the new surroundings. There is no need to worry about them.

And if the man is working hard all day—probably under great pressure—he will need his wife's help when he gets home.

He will not have time to cook meals, to wash and mend his clothes, to keep the house in order. This work has national importance because it helps to sustain the health and morale of the nation.

Another letter from a woman reader has caused me considerable surprise:

"I don't know what you think about this evacuation business. Honestly, I can't understand how any mother can agree to let her children be torn from her and put out to board with strangers.

"I would not let my two girls leave me; I should be worrying over them night and day. I could not bear to be parted from them.

"No one can love them and care for them as a mother can, and they would be dreadfully unhappy without me.

"We have never been parted for more than a few hours since the day they were born. I'm sure they could not get to sleep if mother did not tuck them in bed and give them a good night kiss.

"Other women don't seem to feel for their children as I do for mine. It makes one feel so queer to see no children in the streets. I can't help thinking about the Pied Piper of Hamelin.

"Surely I can't be doing wrong in keeping them here with me when I can't bear to have them taken away?

"I have heard a lot of criticism from other mothers, but I believe they are due to jealousy. I should like to know your opinion."

My opinion is that the woman has entirely misunderstood the whole purpose of evacuation.

She cannot bear for her children to be torn from her! That is the sole reason for transferring them to a safer area.

CHILDREN are more important than their parents and need to be carefully protected. They are a national asset.

Mother-love is a beautiful thing. But tucking children in bed and kissing them good night is not the sort of protection that's needed.

A mother must not allow her emotions to override her common-sense.

She must be ready to part from her children for a time for their own safety.

Moreover, the new experience will do the children good.

They ought not to be too dependent on their mothers: they will learn to adapt themselves to new conditions.

Many of them are shaping well. There is a little friction, inevitably, in some of the new homes; but it will be smoothed over in a very short time.

But how can anyone worry over such small matters when confronted with problems of life and death?

The all-important thing is that a child is alive and well.

HUMANIST'S PAGE

Let Humanist help you with your personal problem. He is wise, sympathetic, broad-minded. Address your envelope to 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, enclosing a stamped envelope for reply. £1 1s. is paid for each letter quoted.

Greatest of These . . .

Spare a thought for her father!

IN the midst of yet another war, pause for a second to think of a man who has not yet finished fighting the last. He has lived through a haunting succession of spells of unemployment and sickness since he was released from the carnage lasting from 1914 to 1918.

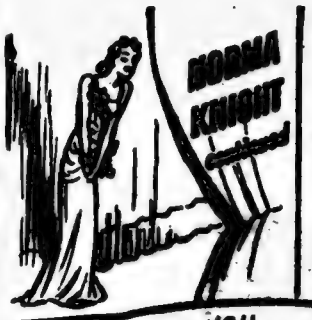
Imagine such a man bravely passing through these twenty-odd years determined not to be defeated and then finding regular employment a few months ago, only to be injured in an accident through which he is still prevented from working.

Imagine such a man carrying on with his wife ill, paying 10s. a week rent out of 29s. a week compensation money and trying to support two children while the arrears mount steadily.

Yet the clergyman of the parish speaks most highly of Mr. and Mrs. Horace Henfrey; everybody who knows them admires their sterling courage. And we ask you to spare something more than a thought to this man who is still fighting the last war.

Many weeks must elapse before he is fit for work again. Send a donation to him, earmarked "Accident," or to our General Fund, which should be addressed to the Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

We will gladly acknowledge donations when names and addresses are given. Lists of subscriptions are kept in the office and a copy will be sent on application. Administration expenses are borne by JOHN BULL, who gratefully acknowledges—T. N., 10s. from "Anon., Wirral"; T. N., £1 "30 Years Reader"; and 2s. 6d. from "Window Cleaner."



Norma returns to the stage

The old partnership of Norma and Humphrey once more draws packed houses.

The stage also gives her a royal welcome.

WELL, HOW DOES IT FEEL TO BE THE DARLING OF THE PUBLIC AGAIN?
NOT HALF SO WONDERFUL AS IT FEELS TO BE THE MOTHER OF LITTLE NORMA

But Norma, in spite of her success, never forgets her baby.

Wherever she goes Norma wins friends with her charm and beauty—a beauty she has always guarded with Knight's Castile, the creamy soap that guards lovely complexions against "Tired Skin." You should try it, too!

Knight's Castile

SPECIALLY MADE FOR THE FACE

4D

Soon trouble comes to Norma. Read all about it in the next instalment

KC 253-66-65

JOHN KNIGHT LTD., LONDON, E.16—SOAP MAKERS SINCE 1810

NEW STAND-UP MEAL STOPS STAND-UP FIGHT

'Oh Jack, I'm so hungry!'

'Well, we can't get a meal, but I'll get some plain chocolate'

JACK! YOU ARE CLEVER! THIS NEW FLAVOUR'S A THRILL
GOOD GIRL! NO MORE ROWS OVER 'MILK OR PLAIN' NOW WE CAN SHARE 'MILK AND PLAIN TOGETHER'

FRY'S SANDWICH is the new chocolate discovery—the finest chocolate food that has been made yet. *All the very best of the best plain chocolate and all the best of the very best milk chocolate combined.* This delicious blend of milk and plain chocolate is real food, packed with quick energy and nourishment.

Keep it by you. Take some with you wherever you go. It's handy to carry. It's easy to eat. Get a supply now.

RED LABEL—Double Milk (plain chocolate between two layers of milk).

BLUE LABEL—Milk (milk chocolate between two layers of plain).

2d 2 OZ. **4d** 4 OZ.

FRY'S Sandwich Chocolate

D. 289. 19939

Some of these children, evacuated from large towns, have seen blackberries growing for the first time

War Correspondent on the Home Front

Here is the truth about the greatest social exodus of our time...

By Maurice Fagence

SOMEWHERE in Kent, a Stepney boy has thrown a jam-tart at the new wallpaper.

Somewhere in Leicestershire, a landlady has spanked a mischievous little Sheffield evacuee with a hairbrush.

Somewnere in Brighton, a London slum child arrived with his head verminous.

And from these and other places huffy mothers have borne their children back to the danger zones without as much as a "Thank you!"

There are probably thousands of cases—which is not surprising, seeing that 5,300,000 are affected by evacuation, either as hosts, guests or helpers.

But not by such footling stories as those are reasonable people going to judge the nation's effort to accord to its human treasures the protection we give to stained-glass windows.

Both in Europe and Africa I have seen evacuation of another sort—evacuation at the dictate of the enemy, with guns and bombers doing the dictating.

I will spare you the horror of hearing about it. In any case, words cannot describe the faces of women, children and old men who have advanced ten thousand griefs beyond tears.

I only know that, carrying a mental picture of such happenings with me when I visited evacuation areas, I found that the worst grumbles against the evacuation system sounded more like tributes.

First, I visited a cluster of villages on the Hertfordshire-Essex border. Every home in that district, from mansion to cottage, would have had its complement of evacuees if every London family to which the scheme applied had taken advantage of it.

First, the grumbles. One little girl loudly branded the villagers as a lot of Hottentots because (a) she didn't like the sanitary arrangements, and (b) because she wasn't given a complete bedroom suite.

But a thousand-and-one little boys and girls who have raved about the good country food put before them by farm labourers and their wives, and delighted their hearts with "My dad and mum will like you," have wiped out that blot.

One horrified dame who made a certain discovery when combing the hair of a London girl carried the news "Vermin!" to every door to which she had access.

Some other landladies made the same discovery. But the sale of quassia chips at the local stores is the only evidence of it. They didn't talk. They just did a bit of cleaning up. And educating.

They chose to make little citizens, not to damn them.

AN even more common grumble; gumboots are necessary in these villages. Warm clothing, too. Some of the parents well able to buy these things for the children are declining to do so.

Some of the poorest families with which these children are billeted have bought these things out of their own slender purses the first time a child has shuddered with cold. That's not fair.

The Council Clerk in one village has pointed out that the local authority has no power to buy clothes, but can supply materials from which the landladies can make clothes.

But one of the problems of a farm labourer's wife is how to live on twenty-four hours a day. She can't find the time to turn dressmaker.

Then there is the grumble that local people have to pay full-time secondary school fees for half-time studies. Half of each day is devoted to the teaching of secondary school evacuees.

But I found very little bitterness about these difficulties except from people who set out to damn evacuation from the moment it was first mooted, and who will work—or, preferably, talk—to damn it till the war ends.

Most of the youngsters in this district are from Clapton, which is far from the middle of London. Yet some of them have seen blackberries growing for the first time.

"I never knew there was anything you could take without paying for it," said one little boy.

Most of the farm labourers have made bows and arrows (with padded ends!) for their little guests. They are cheap toys to make, but the youngsters prefer them to any gaudy toy that ever came out of a London shop.

There's no prouder man or woman anywhere in the district than the one who is able to point proudly to a youngster and say, "Looks a bit different than when he came to me."

That can never be said of one evacuee, a secondary school-boy of sixteen with the dimensions of a Rugby football back.

This young Londoner turned up at a cottage where they were expecting some frilly little baby girl—and has been eating them out of house and home.

But his farm-labourer host doesn't grumble. "I'll have him on show before I've done with him," he says.

These villages remember that in the first days of evacuation children cried to go home, and mothers needed only one word of sympathy from their visiting husbands to rush away.

Now the youngsters will need some dislodging—and the women are beginning to see the sense of staying.

There is much to be ironed out. One or two dance-mad mothers have been billeted on wives whose one love is their home. They'll never agree.

A woman so houseproud that she keeps half her furniture in shrouds has to accommodate a woman who smokes in bed—and the result is the same.

OH, these ultra-houseproud housewives, good women though they be! One scratch on the chiffonier and their loyalty is tested to breaking point. . . .

But these misfits are not so numerous. And, as the authorities recognise, most of the troubles are due to personal likes and dislikes, which arise in any community. Irreconcilables will be separated as quickly as possible.

Evacuation, after all, is intended as a long-term plan. . . .

So much for the country north of London. Next, I made south.

On the road to Brighton I found Forest Gate's youngsters playing in the gorse of one of the loveliest commons in Britain. "What, no park-keepers?" they asked, after their first day of exploration.

Among them was the central figure in this little comedy, described to me by the foster-father concerned:—

"He insisted on condensed milk spread on bread for his supper; said he'd never had anything else at night. So Ma told him condensed milk might get short if the war went on.

"'What, no condensed milk?' he says. 'Well, if war means that, I don't like it.'"

In every village and hamlet on the way to Brighton I found more evacuees, and enquiries on the way show they spread just as far eastwards and westwards into Kent and Sussex.

People I most delighted in were the foster-parents who spoke of the misdeeds of their youngsters with real pride!

There were evacuated women and children everywhere in Brighton.

Looking at the wind-lashed, bright-eyed youngsters transplanted from London slums, I wondered: "Why did it need a war to teach them how to laugh and play?"

YET here and there you hear those words: "Have you heard——?"

And always there follows some story about a wicked landlady, wicked mother, or wicked child.

"They ought to bundle them back," say the cruellest of them.

Are they so blind that they don't notice the colour that is coming into pale cheeks, the flesh that is fattening round once-thin legs, the sparkle that is coming into every eye?

I know that, looking at them, I recalled that different sort of evacuation.

I remembered, too, that one of Britain's biggest problems since the last war, a problem that has given nightmares to magistrates, teachers and psychologists, as well as doctors, has concerned the scores of thousands of youngsters ruined by the bomb outrages of the last war.

That must never happen again. We mustn't even risk it, even at the cost of spoiled wallpaper. Certainly not because of something a woman happens to have caught with a small-tooth comb.

The problems of evacuation stand out a mile. But you have got to wait until you can see the scheme in perspective before you see it as it is—a more Napoleonic war measure than ever Napoleon could have visualised.

REMEMBER STEEDMAN'S POWDERS

Modern mothers still rely on them for babies: and older children too

More than three generations of mothers have tucked the Little Red Book into baby's basket to be handy in case of need.

Just as they always relied (and still do) upon Steedman's Powders, as the gentlest corrective when baby is "irregular," fretful or constipated. Right from teething time to fourteen years youngsters need Steedman's—and get them. They cost only 1½d. each, but do be careful to look for the double EE.

Such universal approval justifies the very splendid reminder booklet we ask all mothers to accept without charge. Just send a P.C. for "Hints to Mothers" to John Steedman & Co., 270, Walworth Road, London, S.E.17.

A 20-YEAR VICTIM OF INDIGESTION

Now perfectly well!

That's not an uncommon experience. Thousands of people have suffered from digestive disorders for 20 years or more and then obtained complete relief through Mother Seigels Brand Digestive Syrup. There's nothing drastic about Mother Seigels, but relief is felt from the very first dose. Slowly but surely, the digestive organs are toned up—given new life. Food is digested more easily, and even hearty meals don't cause pain. With the digestion right, your nerves will be steadier, you'll sleep better, and feel better. All this thanks to Mother Nature, who provides the medicinal roots, herbs and barks from which Mother Seigels Brand Digestive Syrup is made. Try it. 1/3 and 3/- at chemists everywhere. It will do you a world of good.

-NAIL

Every woman knows how house-work ruins her nails! Their naturally smooth gleaming surface is scratched and rough; cannot reflect light.

Harsh toothpastes scratch your teeth rough so that they no longer reflect light. They get dull.

Gibbs can't scratch teeth. Makes them shine. Keeps them lovely. And Gibbs busy foam works deep into every tiniest crack, removing bits of food, killing germs. It washes away everything harmful. There is nothing so thorough, nothing so safe as Gibbs. Change to Gibbs today.

Give your teeth a SHINE with

Gibbs

DENTIFRICE

Standard size, in original case, 6d (*reduced from 7½d*).
Large size, in art-ivory case, 1/-; *Refills 9d (reduced from 11d).*

Prices U.K. only

D. & W. GIBBS LTD., LONDON, E.1.

GD191A3

That's the best of EASY — IT STAYS MOIST SO MUCH LONGER

Bless me! Someone's always in a scrape! Which reminds us that shaving is a scrape, too, unless you use Lever's EASY.

Ordinary lathers are apt to dry too quickly. By the time you reach the second side of your face the lather has dried up, the bristles are stiffening again, and it's scrape, scrape, scrape!

But with Lever's EASY the shave is smooth and effortless all the way. For EASY stays moist—keeps the beard *really* soft all through the shave. So use EASY and keep on good terms with your face!

6D A STICK

E 286-172-38 A *LEVER* PRODUCT

300 SHEETS FOR 3D MEANS THRIFT

Capensis is justly recognised as "the Big Toilet Roll for the thrifty household." But not only is it an economical roll. Every sheet of Capensis is crinkled for extra softness, and is guaranteed 100% pure. Truly amazing value.

CAPENSIS

The Big Toilet Roll for the Thrifty Household

"John Bull" Guarantee.

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee:—All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked—in the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull" and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED. Proprietors of "John Bull."

IF YOUR BREATH HAS A SMELL YOU CAN'T FEEL WELL

Unless 2 pints of bile juice flow from your liver into your bowels every day, your movements get hard and constipated and your food decays unnaturally in your 28 feet of bowels. This decay sends poison all over your body every six minutes. It makes you gloomy, grouchy and no good for anything. Your friends smell this decay coming out of your mouth and call it bad breath. Laxatives and mouth washes help a little, but you must get at the cause. Take Carters Brand Little Liver Pills. They get those 2 pints of bile flowing freely and then you feel on the "up and up." Ask for Carters Little Liver Pills and get what you ask for. 1/3 and 3/-.

SKIN DISEASES

Miraculously Cured by HERBAL TREATMENT

Thousands cured during the last 50 years when other treatments have failed. Eczema, Psoriasis and other Skin troubles banished like magic. Write for FREE BOOK and convincing testimony.

J. ROBINSON & SONS (BRADFORD), LTD., 11, KUERDEN HOUSE, BRADFORD.

THICK CATARRH

To drive out stubborn phlegm and stop constant hawking, sniffing and coughing, get the scientific Catarrh Remedy—"NOSTROLINE." Smear inside each nostril and gently sniff up. "NOSTROLINE" banishes clogging catarrh mucus in double-quick time! Opens bunged-up breathing passages in 20 seconds! Kills germs. Reduces discharge. Soothes and heals inflammation. Ends Catarrh, Colds, Hay Fever, 'Flu, Head Noises, Catarrhal-Deafness. Perfectly safe. Insist on NOSTROLINE Nasal Remedy, and take nothing else instead. All Chemists, 1/3.

Free Sample from "NOSTROLINE," J.84, Bristol, 8.

This is Happening to Me

The War has made him a Tramp

Book-keepers into soldiers, housewives into billeting officers, journalists into firemen, 'bus drivers into naval ratings; so it goes on, the great change-about caused by the war. Eager to know what is happening to them, JOHN BULL *asks readers to describe their new lives, giving them licence as far as space is concerned, paying according to length.*

MID-DAY on the Downs. After combing a wide expanse of bush-covered hillside in search of blackberries I have washed my hands in the stream running through the valley so that I might enjoy a simple British out-of-doors meal: a hunk of bread, a piece of cheese and a flask of coffee, followed by a cigarette, champion chaser of worry.

Funny to think that a fortnight ago I was a London office worker, returning each night to a village set in lovely country I never had time to explore.

The war has robbed me of my job, given me all the leisure I need.

An official of the Unemployment Assistance Board made it possible for me to obtain an immediate cash grant as long as I attended once a week.

Not even the local A.R.P. committee wanted further assistance it seemed, so I bought a guide-book to the countryside, and I am now spending each day at a new place, walking the lanes, climbing lonely hills, plodding across fresh-ploughed fields, looking and feeling fit, sleeping and eating like a new man.

War has made me never want to work in a town again, and I am now all set to find a job in the country, so that I may marvel silently at Nature.

Thanks to a German house-painter, I may do it yet!—W. D., Essex.

Vera Abbott, of Welling, Kent, describes her new "billet" by saying:

"After four years in a busy twopenny library feeding public desire for love stories, glamour and blood-curdling thrillers, I am now in a police canteen doing my bit in an unassuming way by feeding the 'force.'

"After all, a hot meal or a hot drink is a dire necessity to men who must be ready to face the grim, nerve-racking dangers now threatening civilisation, and you should see the way they dispose of 'sausage and mash,' the favourite dish among the men of the force.

"Policemen are a jolly crowd, reserves, specials and regulars telling the most fascinating yarns when they get together. I think they are wonderful and they always get special helpings from me!

"P.S.—I forgot to add that my husband's a policeman."

RHEUMATIC PAINS
Legacy of wet summer

Wet weather in the early summer is frequently the forerunner of Rheumatic complaints later in the year. In view of the record rainfall in June and July, it is no surprise that attacks of Rheumatism, Sciatica, Lumbago, Fibrositis, etc., are much more prevalent than usual just now.

People are complaining, in particular, of Rheumatic pains in the legs, arms and shoulders. These and other cases will be found to yield satisfactorily—and often quite quickly—to a teaspoonful of Fynnon Salt taken in a tumblerful of water first thing every day.

In Fynnon you get Sodium, Potassium and Lithium—active elements of curative Spa Waters. These "Salts of the Earth" as they are called, are Nature's own dissolvents of rheumatic acids. They rinse out the torturing substances from muscle, nerve or tissue as the case may be. They improve liver and kidney action. They refresh the entire inner system in Nature's healthy way.

Get a large 1/3 tin of Fynnon Salt from your Chemist. *Do it to-day*, for it is easier to remedy Rheumatism now than when winter gets into its stride.

Phillips YEAST — **The Finest TONIC**

PHILLIPS Tonic Yeast, owing to its 'Life' and richness in Vitamin B, is a splendid NERVE and GENERAL TONIC and an unfailing remedy for INDIGESTION . . . By ensuring perfect assimilation of food, PHILLIPS Yeast restores VITALITY and VIGOUR in Nature's own way. It contains No Drug and is the finest Tonic and remedy

for NERVES and INDIGESTION

From all Chemists: 6d., 1/3, 3/-, 5/-

Ask for PHILLIPS Tonic Yeast Tablets — then you get the REAL THING

The Human Machine

Stand Four-Square

THESE are days when all values have to be revalued. Old standards have fallen in a moment.

Life in all its aspects has been turned upside down overnight.

But the imperishable remains. Man is still man. Faith and hope, courage and calm, the dominance of the spiritual over the material—these stand as unshakeable rocks in the storm.

Fear, not hate, rules the world to-day. There is no man or woman who is not afraid—afraid for themselves, for their kin, for their friends, afraid of the unknown. Fear rules.

But we can conquer fear: and to conquer fear is to-day our first duty.

"The brave man is not he who feels no fear,
For that were stupid and irrational:
But he whose noble soul its fears subdues,
And bravely dares the danger nature shrinks from."

Someone else said: "The direst foe of courage is the fear itself, not the object of it: and the man who can overcome his own terror is a hero and more."

We have been urged to face what may come with calm. That means we must cast out fear. And the best way is to face any fears we have, look them in the eye—and realise that to admit their existence is half-way to their extinction.

Don't be frightened by fear. If you're frightened, you're frightened of something. Bring that something out into the light and have a look at it.

Define it. Analyse it. Bring it into relation with everyone else around you, and you will quickly find it reducing itself to its proper proportions.

Now don't just read this and do nothing about it. This is hard horse-sense. Act on it!

Remember always that fear has its roots in ignorance, and that the worst fear is that which comes from an unwillingness to face facts. At all costs be honest with yourself.

And never, never let go of the truth that you are the master of yourself. Stand on the rock of whatever faith is yours, and you can defy the world to do you harm.

Advance on the Long Acre Front!

THERE is more bad news for General Gloom this week—and further encouragement for readers who have discovered how effectively Competitions can "black out" a black-out!

Prizes for *Bullets* have been increased in both value and quantity. Further, for the benefit of readers who have made Crosswords their war-time hobby, the swift resumption of a big Pension and Cash Offer for our entertaining puzzles is followed this week by the addition of an extra category of prize-winners.

Writers in many newspapers, we notice, are blithely recommending all kinds of curious pastimes and quaint occupations to relieve the tedium of these lengthening black-out evenings.

With the one notable exception of the national hobby of Competitions, they run the gamut of possible spare-time activities from jam-making to ju-jitsu, from tatting to tattooing, from fretwork to making faces with squiggly lines.

Our policy, we submit, is more helpful, more practical and fully in keeping with the JOHN BULL traditions.

Behind the sandbags at Long Acre, with balloon barrages on guard, our Competition organisation works steadily away at its war-time service to the public, providing endless spare-time entertainment for our readers and banishing General Gloom from every home where competitors gather.

Show JOHN BULL that *you* support this practical contribution to the needs of the nation in these difficult days.

"It's Private Wilkins, sir. He got a First Prize telegram from 'John Bull' yesterday, and that's how it's left him!"

Register your vote this week, by submitting a coupon from page 25 or page 27, and a First Prize telegram may well arrive for you.

QUESTION TIME

R. J. (Aldershot).—"Is a man in the Services allowed to enter Competitions from his home address? I may not be stationed here much longer, and letters would be delayed if I were moved on."

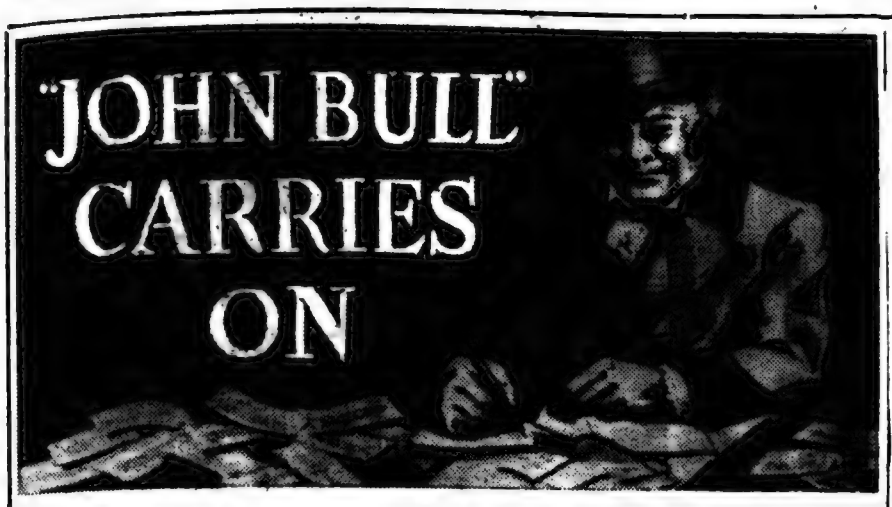
Certainly this is permissible. Your plan is a good one, and we recommend it to all competitors in the services.

A. D. (Bristol).—"I appreciate the convenience of the new stamp entry-fee coupons, but I want to know if one can send 3d. for a *single Bullet* or a single Crossword Square."

Yes—to help readers whose time or money to-day permits no more than a 3d. entry, this concession was made immediately war started.

M. R. E. (Folkestone).—"Do the winning *Bullets* have to be considered before publication by the Ministry of Information?"

Not yet—so you're free to say just what you like about the sergeant-major.



Despite the outbreak of war, "John Bull," with a mind only for its readers' welfare, has decided to continue its free insurance service to registered readers. Here are some of the principal benefits incorporated in "John Bull's" Great Free Family Insurance Gift:

FIRE—benefits provided up to £1,000.

STORM AND FLOOD—benefits up to £300.

ACCIDENTS IN HOME AND GARDEN—benefits up to £100.

SPORTS ACCIDENTS—benefits up to £200.

GAS EXPLOSION IN THE HOME—benefits up to £100.

BURGLARY AND HOUSEBREAKING—benefits up to £1,000.

WIRELESS BENEFIT—benefits for damage by lightning to registered readers' wireless sets provided up to £10.

BOATING AND BATHING ACCIDENTS—benefits provided up to £200.

In addition there are benefits provided for CHILDREN'S ACCIDENTS and SICKNESS. (As specified.)

£729 PAID TO REGISTERED READERS LAST WEEK.

Last week alone, "John Bull" distributed no less than £729 18s. 2d. to registered readers or their dependants.

The possession of a "John Bull" Certificate of security gives you a real sense of protection that is vital to you and yours in these days. If you have not yet registered for this Security Gift, use the forms below at once.

OVER £650,000 ALREADY PAID TO REGISTERED READERS

SIGN TO-DAY

JOHN BULL

Hand this Form to Your Newsagent

To (Name of Newsagent).....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

.....

.....

Date .....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.
J.B. 30/9/39.

CUT HERE

Post this Form to
"John Bull," Registration Department, 122, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

.....
Reader's Signature.

Age.....

Address .....

.....

.....

Name and Address of Newsagent.....

.....

Date.....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A Certificate setting out the full Benefits and Conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return.
PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B. 30/9/39.

SMALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING

RATE 16s. per line. A line averages six words. Minimum Charge 30s.

Advertisements with remittance must be received not later than noon on Wednesday, 8 days before publication.

Address: The Advertisement Manager, "John Bull," 57-59, Long Acre, London.—W.C.2

SMALL TRADERS, ETC.

CROCKERY. 139 asstd. articles 10/-. 48 cups, scrs., 6/-. Glass & Hardware. Dinner Set Free. Cat. & Guide Free.—Bridge St. Pottery, 9, Burslem.

SELL direct from our Free Catalogues of Household, Fashion and Fancy Goods. Shopkeepers, Traders and Beginners should write to Dept. J.B., The Houndsditch Warehouse Co., Ltd., Houndsditch, London, E.C.3.

HOSIERY, Underwear, Overalls, Haberdashery, Manchester, etc. Everything for the Retailer. Trade's lowest prices. Small quantities supplied. Send for Catlgs.—Archer's, Castle Gate Nott'm.

DRAPERS.—104-page Illus. Winter Catalogue post free. Covers all Depts., also Boots and Shoes. Finest selection of perfect goods at Keenest prices. Satis. gntd. W'sale Only.—Myers & Co. (L. & H.), Ltd., 7 Trinity St., Leeds, 1.

AGENCIES, CLUBS.

AGENTS wanted for easiest and simplest Xmas Club. Big Cash profits. Free Gift value 5/6 to every agent. Huge Coloured art Catalogue of Chocs., Toys, Fancy Goods, Wines, etc. No outlay. Free outfit and particulars from SHIELD XMAS CLUB (Dept 14), Bradford.

CHRISTMAS GREETING CARDS WILL BE WANTED MORE THAN EVER. Get an Agency for the "City" Series of Cards, shown in attractive Album supplied to genuine applicants free. Excellent commission allowed.—Apply now to The Private Xmas Card Mfg. Co. (Dept. S), St. Simon Street, MANCHESTER, 3.

BIG PROFITS ASSURED by Selling Private Christmas Cards, Calendars, etc., to your friends. Write for BRITAIN'S LEADING SAMPLE BOOK. The one which secures the Most Orders. OUTSTANDING COMMISSIONS and PRIZES. Sample Book sent FREE. A Great money-making opportunity. — Apply CASTLE PUBLISHING CO., 50, Anchor Court, Preston.

CHRISTMAS CARD AGENTS Wanted by Makers of the finest and most comprehensive selection of Christmas Cards in the Country and beautiful Sample Book of the newest designs sent free. Something for everybody. Highest commission and valuable Prizes. Cash in on your leisure and write immediately to J. Renshaw and Sons, Ltd., Dept. I.E., Climax Works, Accrington.

AGENTS WANTED. PRIVATE CHRISTMAS CARDS; world-famed "Orient" Sample Book; carriage paid to honest and enterprising Agents; Exquisite Calendars. Novel Blotter. Royal Family, 52-page Engagement Diary, Real Pokerwork Calendar, Animal Studies, Novelties, and Greeting Cards for all tastes; highest commission and prizes.—HAMILTONS, Dept. 414, ORIENT WORKS, BLACKBURN.

A BACKING OF £5. Good Commission. Private Greeting Cards and Calendars of distinction. Novelties. Agents wanted.—Sunshine Publishers, Dept. J.B., 5, Bayer St., Ldn., E.C.1.

BARGAIN SALES.

WALLPAPER DIRECT from 2d. per roll. SEND for patterns post free.—WEST RIDING WALLPAPER CO., 52, TRINITY STREET, LEEDS.

WOOLS.—Shop by post. Send for patts. of Rug and Knit Wools & Rug Guide. Enc. 2d. post.—Newcastle Wool Co., Ltd. (Dept. 71), N.c-on-T.

EMPLOYMENT.

SCHOOL ATTENDANCE OFFICERS.—Reserved occupations for men over 25. Excellent pay and prospects. No exp. reqd. For FREE details of openings, etc., apply CHAMBERS COLLEGE (Dept. 819), Chislehurst, Kent.

G.P.O. Engineering Dept. (no experience required). Commencing £3 13s. per week. Age 18-23. Excellent prospects. Free details of Entrance Exam. from B.I.E.T. (Dept. 527), 17-19 Stratford Place, LONDON, W.1.

POLICEMEN WANTED URGENTLY in all parts of the country. Excellent pay, prospects and pensions. Ages 19-26. No experience. For full details of easy Entrance write, B.T.I. (Dept. 603), 356, Oxford Street, London, W.1.

CUSTOMS AND EXCISE.—Attractive careers offered to keen young men aged under 21. Commencing pay, £2 6s. The Entrance Exam. is not difficult.—For full details apply to B.T.I. (Dept. 801), 356, Oxford Street, LONDON, W.1.

CIVIL SERVICE VACANCIES. The new Edition of Civil Service Handbook is now ready for public distribution. Those desiring details of openings, age limits, pay, entrance exams. for all branches of the service (either sex—aged 15 upwards) are advised to apply for this Free Handbook immediately to B.T.I. (Dept. 171), 356, Oxford Street, London, W.1.

MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

WORMS CURED.—Artico Brand Worm Tablets are a specialist's positive cure for removing the causes. No fasting, dieting or interference with daily habits. Send 1/6 for Generous supply or 1½d. stamp for details. — Ridyard Tablet Co., 34-38, Codnor, Derby.

FREE to sufferers from bad circulatory troubles and rheumatism. Write, mentioning John Bull, to Elasto (Dept. 15), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C., or fill in coupon on Back Cover for free sample of Elasto and a copy of a special free booklet explaining the Elasto treatment. Send now, while you think of it.

DON'T WEAR A TRUSS! Use Brooks Rupture Appliance. New Discovery. Wonderful! No lumpy pads, no springs. Durable, cheap. Binds and draws parts together quickly. Sent on trial. Catalogue free.—Address, Brooks Appliance Co. Ltd. (840D), 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

MISCELLANEOUS.

FREE.—Write to J. S. Fry & Sons, Dept. 6A., Somerdale, Bristol, for Free Illustrated Book of hundreds of Gifts in exchange for coupons from Fry's Cocoa. One Free Coupon to start your collection will be sent with the booklet.

EVERY OFFER COVERED BY MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE ON PAGE 21.

"OK" British BARGAIN BALE

Wonderful 30/- Value for 20/- to "John Bull" readers. Read the Guaranteed Contents:—

1 Superior Sateen or Art Silk Wadded Down Quilt, full 6 x 8ft. size. 2 Heavy Twill Sheets 90 x 96, for hard wear. 2 Heavy Yorkshire White Raised Blankets, full size 90 x 96. 1 Heavy Coloured Striped Blanket, 54 x 78. 1 Splendid Alhambra or Honeycomb Quilt, 90 x 70 (White or Coloured). 1 Ladies' Full Size Overall. 2 White Pillow Cases, coloured embroidery, Pink, Blue, Gold, 30 x 18.

20/- Complete Bale. Carr. Paid. Cash or C.O.D.

Illus. Bargain Catalogue of Carpets, Bedding, etc., post free.

V. HODGSON & SONS (J.B.), Wedding Road, LEEDS.

DEAF

NATIONAL SAFETY

It is essential for the safety of all concerned to hear all Signals correctly. Don't run extra risks. Our new Silver De Luxe model non-battery small-cut invisible earphone is now offered to you at the specially reduced price, viz., 25/-. Thousands are already helped by this amazing little aid that requires no batteries, no wires, no removals, and is quite invisible. You can try it now FREE.

SEND NAME AND ADDRESS for 30 days' FREE TRIAL. Send now. D. & J. Hill, Ltd. (Dept. V.22), 248, Oxford Street, London, W.1. (Over Oxford Circus Tube Station.) (Hours 10 to 6, Sats. 10 to 1.) Supplied under National Health Benefit.

Give him a "John Bull" Pen

There is nothing that he will appreciate more than a "John Bull" pen — a useful and lasting memento that will make writing home a pleasure. Cash the coupons now.

CASH THE COUPONS

"JOHN BULL'S" PEN COUPON

This Coupon with P.O. for 2/6 plus 3d. postage and insurance entitles holder to receive a "John Bull" all-British self-filling Pen with 14-CARAT SOLID GOLD NIB, Iridium tipped. GUARANTEED 5 YEARS. Additional coupons up to four (any dates) may be saved and will be accepted in part payment, each counting as 9d. off the price. You may send five coupons and P.O. for 1/6 plus 3d. postage and insurance. Postal slip 3d. extra.

DE LUXE unbreakable, 1/3 EXTRA, incl. Clip. State if fine, medium, broad or oblique nib.

Address—"JOHN BULL," PEN DEPARTMENT, 122-125, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2

VALUE 3d

OLD CLIENTS IF REMOVED PLEASE NOTIFY US.

RUPTURE

NO UNDERSTRAPS, BUCKLES OR HIP PRESSURE.

The most inconvenient part of a Rupture Support is the understrap and the tightness of the belt. The Patent De Luxe Ball and Socket Appliance has NO UNDERSTRAPS OR BUCKLES, and can be put on or taken off in a few seconds. This is a great convenience in emergencies, as said Washings, etc. The Pulland gives absolute security, undreamed of comfort, and WILL CONTROL YOUR RUPTURE NO MATTER HOW SEVERE. Being waterproof, it can be worn when having a bath. We offer a TRIAL FOR SEVEN CLEAR DAYS BEFORE PAYMENT. YOU NEED NO MONEY AND RISK NO RISK. Erection usually allow the whole cost. Write or call and test this wonderful appliance free.

PLUNDER Surgical Appliance Co., Ltd.
Dept. (128K), 98 Oxford St., London, W.1
Manchester Branch: 6, John Dalton St.

TEST IT BEFORE YOU PAY

A magnificent finish for **FRONT STEPS** TILES *Etc*

A bright and pleasing finish to Front Steps, Window Sills, Tiled Paths, etc., is quickly obtained by using Cardinal Polish. WHITE CARDINAL gives a lasting whiteness and CREAM CARDINAL a fine cream-coloured finish. WILL NOT WASH OFF IN THE RAIN. *Also in Red, Green, Buff, Transparent, etc. Of all dealers.*

CARDINAL POLISH 6 1

Danger is the Cheapest Commodity in the World now we are at War

PUTTING A PRICE ON PERIL

DANGER pay! These two vital words have hit the headlines of the newspapers every day since war was declared.

American seamen refuse to leave United States territorial waters unless they are given bonuses and heavy insurance for running the gauntlet of predatory Nazi U-boats.

Ships remain at the dockside while Dutch and Irish sailors and their employers parley over the price of peril. The men demand double wages.

Every peril has its price in war time, from the extra halfpenny an hour girls are being paid for "doping" gasproof A.R.P. suits to the thousands a year received by scientists and chemists for discovering and testing high explosives.

But the fact standing out starkly in any survey of prices men and women have put on risks they face in war time work is that peril is about the cheapest commodity in the world to-day.

When we think of war time dangers, those who jump first to mind are men of the Fighting Services.

No danger pay for them, even though naval men and aviators are granted small allowances to compensate for difficult living conditions.

"Hard-Lying"

Officialdom has some sympathy for sailors who must spend many weeks at sea in small vessels with cramped quarters without a chance to revictual.

Such allowances are called "hard-lying" money. They vary for officers from 2s. to 3s. a day; for ratings from 9d. to 1s. 3d. Boys get 3d. a day.

In larger ships—flotilla leaders and destroyers—"hard-lying" money is paid when vessels are actually engaged in warfare, then only to ratings, who get half rates.

So a boy in a destroyer in action gets only 1½d. a day added to his ordinary pay.

Submarine crews receive rather more for dangers and discomforts of under-sea warfare.

According to their work, ratings are given extra pay ranging from 9d. to 3s. 9d. a day. Extra pay for officers is 3s. a day for sub-lieutenants, 3s. 9d. for warrant officers, and 6s. for lieutenants and lieutenant-commanders.

"Hard-lying" money for Air Force personnel is paid on the same scale as the Navy only when men are engaged in speed-boats and other marine work.

Men of our mercantile and fishing fleets have also assessed their risks.

According to a recent agreement, trawler crews are paid an additional £1 a week, skippers are guaranteed £1 a day and engineers 15s. a day. Men are given compensation for injuries caused by enemy action.

Not a high price when you remember what a vital part the fishing fleet plays in keeping Britain supplied with an essential food; that on every trip trawlers must run the gauntlet of enemy mines and U-boats.

No scale of danger pay has yet been arranged for the Mercantile Marine, but British seamen will not demand the "ransom rates" which Dutch and American sailors are trying to extract for sailing now even in safe waters.

Most dangerous jobs on the Home Front are in munition factories and in allied heavy industries, coal, iron and steel.

Elaborate precautions are taken to reduce risks to a minimum, but workers—men and girls—must still take grave chances with their health.

Girls handling "yellow powder," a high explosive, find their skins turning yellow, and must protect their faces with a thick coating of boracic ointment. Also two pints of milk a day are needed to counteract the effect of powder on their lungs.

Wages of Danger

Rates of pay in munition factories vary widely for a multitude of reasons. Wages for shell-filling, which is among the most dangerous occupations, depend on the type of explosive being used. Men may earn anything from £2 10s. to £6 a week—more if they are on piecework.

JOHN BULL knows of a private arms firm paying the men filling shells with T.N.T. (trinitrotoluene) only about £1 a week, including a few extra shillings "danger money."

To minimise effects of explosion men work in fours in tiny wooden huts, mixing T.N.T. until it looks like thick, grey porridge, then pouring it into shell cases.

Greatest danger is that a piece of metal, a flint or a match might be taken into a hut accidentally and cause a spark. When the men reach the factory in the morning they change into cord jackets and trousers that have neither pockets nor turn-ups.

Even soles of the special boots they must wear are fastened with wooden pegs instead of nails.

Risky though it may be, shell-filling is one branch only of the great task of providing the British armed forces with an inexhaustible supply of weapons.

Research stations, laboratories and chemical works employ men and women to experiment with gases and test the destruction powers of explosives, but the chemical industry has never placed a great value on the perils that men and women face daily.

In munition factories elaborate precautions are taken to reduce risks to a minimum, but girls and men still take grave chances

Penny an Hour..

For labourers and process workers it is the extra penny an hour danger money rate for which the Chemical Workers' Union has been fighting. But only twenty firms out of nearly 1,500 have agreed to adopt it.

Labourers handling high-pressure gas containers are paid 1s. 0½d. an hour; process workers 1s. 3½d. an hour for an eight-hour day. Girls receive from 16s. to 35s. a week.

Peril is cheap to-day, but, with Britain at war, men and women at home must face danger as calmly as men within range of enemy guns.

Write to JOHN BULL about it!

Zero Hour in Cabbage Patch

By Richard Sudell, A.R.H.S.

THERE is still time to rush in a few vegetables while the soil is warm and the sunshine powerful.

The soil where potatoes and peas have been grown is in excellent condition for present sowing and planting. It will require no manure if this was applied in the Spring.

CABBAGE.—Secure, if you can, a few dozen cabbage plants from your local nursery. Ask for "Webb's Emperor" or "Flower of Spring."

After digging the soil, draw shallow drills about 4 in. deep and 18 in. apart; plant the cabbages in these drills a foot apart. Make sure you plant firmly.

The soil at the sides of the drill will be drawn around the cabbage plants in winter with a hoe as a protection from hard frosts.

WINTER SPINACH.—Sow winter spinach in rows a foot apart. Sow the seeds thinly to avoid transplanting. Ask for the hardy winter or prickly spinach.

TURNIPS may also be sown in rows a foot apart; use a hardy variety, like "Chirk Castle" or the "Globe."

The seedlings are left unthinned and are used as spring greens, like spinach.

RADISH.—Select a warm, sheltered corner in the garden and make a thin broadcast sowing of globe-rooted radish. These will mature before the winter comes, and if the weather is very severe a light dressing of litter or bracken is all the protection they need.

LETTUCE.—In the cold frame, winter lettuce can be sown and pricked out on a nursery bed where the soil is well drained.

If cloches are available, these should be placed in position after transplanting the seedlings. Cloches of the continuous type are best.

If you have a supply of lettuce seedlings, these should be transplanted in rows 1 ft. apart, and 6 in. apart in the rows.

CAULIFLOWERS.—These may also be sown in the cold frame for transplanting later. These can also be given the protection of cloches when planted out.

BROAD BEANS.—Prepare a trench for sowing broad beans in November.

The variety to order is Long Pod. By sowing in late autumn, the beans are earlier and also are less likely to be attacked by the black fly.

PROTECTION is an important factor in growing vegetable crops through the winter. Wattle hurdles, in my opinion, are the most useful method.

These are obtainable in 6 ft. lengths, 3 ft. high. A few of them placed across the north and east sides of the vegetable plot will make a world of difference in bringing crops safely to maturity.

Plots sheltered by a high hedge or wall on the north side are always warmer and most suitable for winter crops.

Another aid to success is to dust the surface of the soil with soot before sowing or planting. This darkens the soil and makes it warmer.

UNLIMITED *new* PRIZES ADDED TO JOHN BULL'S PENSION *and* CASH X-WORD OFFER!

DON'T let the black-out evenings get you down! Get down instead, for an hour or so, to the entertaining puzzle on this page and so give yourself an opportunity of winning the security for life of a "John Bull" Pension Prize.

In addition to the Pension, with its substantial lump sum if preferred by winner, there is cash for Runners-up and unlimited NEW prizes for second Runners-up have been introduced this week. Remember—to be a winner you must post your entry on or before Saturday, October 7.

20/- WEEKLY for LIFE OR **£250 LUMP SUM**

FIRST PRIZE

£30 CASH BETWEEN 1st RUNNERS-UP

5/- SURPRISE AWARD FOR EVERY 2nd. RUNNER-UP

There is further entertainment awaiting you on page 27, where big cheques and new war-time prizes are offered for "Bullets." You are invited to enclose your "Bullets" with Crosswords—and this means doubling your prize-winning opportunity.

ACROSS CLUES

1. You wouldn't like waiter to serve you with one
3. It's sometimes a good plan to put these down
5. Adolf Schicklegruber, alias Hitler, won't ever make this again
6. Simple little village pub's may really be quite famous
8. She would have to wear a gas-mask as well, nowadays!
11. Face of one is often specially marked
12. It's not very nice for visitors to be kept waiting in it
18. Sweethearts don't grumble at the black-out as they stroll down this
19. Gardener may have this for broom at times
20. It's sometimes rather a joke

DOWN CLUES

1. Burglar would be a fool to step for this if he heard police coming
2. London's balloon barrage covers a wide one
3. One cannot like the agitators who do this
4. Farmyard friends who taught the Germans to strut
7. Big ship on this may roll and pitch at times
9. Careful publicity sometimes proves useful when business is this
10. Boxer's will almost certainly suffer when he is beaten by opponent
12. Lecturer sometimes has this of rough notes
13. This may be added to get right amount
14. Warbles a warning
15. Some people really enjoy taking one, when on holiday
16. Is just occasionally said to be blind
17. It's easy for carpenter to cut one out of piece of soft wood

TERMS AND CONDITIONS

Presented on this page is the 171st of JOHN BULL'S entertaining Crossword Puzzles; you are invited to exercise your skill and knowledge by completing it with the guidance of the Clues provided.

Aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to the Clues form the standard of excellence by which entries will be judged, and all decisions will be based on the Answers of Competitors. This judging will be carried out under the supervision of an expert Adjudication Committee.

Each entry received will be carefully considered and the First Prize-winner will be the competitor who on one Square has completed the Puzzle and has given what, in the opinion of the Adjudication Committee, is the best set of Answers to the Clues provided. And this set of Answers will constitute the winning Puzzle Square.

If at any points in the Puzzle where a choice of words exists it is decided that no one word submitted can be preferred on the test of aptness and accuracy, then competitors there using words of equal merit as Answers will be regarded as having tied at these points, which will be duly indicated when result and winning Puzzle Square appear in JOHN BULL, published Thursday, October 19. The Second Prize will be awarded to the competitor whose entry is next in order of merit. In the event of a tie or ties, the lump sum of £250 will be equally divided; not more than one cash prize allowed to any one entrant.

Acceptance of the findings of the Adjudication Committee in regard to the most meritorious entries and of the Editor of JOHN BULL in all other matters is a condition on which entries are accepted and is finally binding on all entrants for this Crossword Competition.

READ THESE RULES.

1.—Complete puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pad. Entry-fee is at the rate of 3d. for each square submitted. Stamps to be affixed or Postal Order enclosed as entry-fee, as directed on Entry Form. If P.O. used, make payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross & Co.; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in the number upon Entry Form. Entry Form to be sent by post as directed (not delivered by hand) and bear POSTMARK of not later than Saturday, October 7, 1939.

2.—Each entrant may submit any number of squares up to sixteen (entry fee 4/-).

3.—No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered, or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

4.—Should any single letter square be left blank, contain a letter which is not clear, or altered, or not given in ink, the corresponding properly situated letter on Entry-square alongside will be regarded as entrant's intended letter for both Entry-squares. If entrant's answer cannot be decided or such flaws occur in more than one letter square, Entry-Square concerned will be disqualified, as will any mutilated coupon.

5.—Winner and winning Puzzle Square will appear in JOHN BULL, on sale Thursday, October 19. Entries are accepted only on condition that the published result of our double adjudication establishing the Winner and Runners-up is regarded as final. Merit is established according to the total number of Answers to Clues, both Across and Down, which agree with the winning Puzzle Square.

6.—Should the First Prize be shared, £250 cash will be paid instead of the Pension Award.

7.—Failure to comply with any of the Rules and Conditions involves disqualification.

8.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

ADDRESS ENTRY
Crossword No. 171, "JOHN BULL," 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. (Comp.).

HUGE PRIZE WON OUTRIGHT—CROSSWORD No. 168

In connection with "John Bull" Crossword No. 168, the Adjudication Committee decided that the entrant who indicated the most meritorious Set of Answers for one Square (see on right) was the following competitor:—

V. HEITMAN, 136, River Way, Christchurch, Hants.

Subject to the Terms and Conditions of the Competition, this competitor will receive £3 Weekly for Life plus £1,000 cash, or a lump sum of £1,750 cash.

Any other entrant who believes that he submitted an entry eligible for a share of this Prize must demand a Scrutiny by not later than First Post, Tuesday, October 3, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of all entries submitted and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny" and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the £300 Cash and Radio Award to Runners-up. This Prize has been divided between 29 Competitors from whom we received entries inferior in merit by reason of only one less apt and accurate Answer compared with the best entry received. These winners will each receive Cash and Radio to the value of £10 7s. A list of these Runners-up can be seen at the "John Bull" offices, and all have been notified.

£5 Cheque will be sent to each cash winner in Contest No. 168 who also secures a cash prize in Crossword No. 169.

An additional Bonus Award value £3 will be sent to each Runner-up who submitted for this Contest 8 Squares or more, or equivalent on "Time-Save" Entry Sheet.

WINNING WORDS—ACROSS.—1. WORKS. 3. RUM. 5. IRE. 9. BLOT. 11. SHAW. 16. RAIN. 18. TAP. 19. TEAL. 22. KEEP. 23. VEIL. 24. CAB.

DOWN.—1. WINK. 2. ORE. 4. NUT. 6. ACE or APE. 7. HOPE. 8. SHASH. 10. LID or LIE. 12. STACK. 13. TEE. 14. POST. 15. FACE. 17. FATE. 20. SPA. 21. DAY.

£200 BONUS:—This special award, announced in "Crossword Gazette" in connection with Crossword No. 167, has been divided between 133 eligible winners, each receiving £3 12s. 9d.

W	O	R	K	S	■	R	U	M	■	E	N												
I	R	E	■	F	A	I	R	■	H	U	■												
N	E	T	S	■	■	■	B	L	O	T	■												
K	■	M	■	E	L	A	■	P	■	■	■												
■	S	H	A	W	■	I	N	S	E	T	■												
P	E	A	S	■	■	■	T	■	E	■	■												
O	E	■	H	U	F	■	R	A	I	N	■												
S	■	F	■	T	A	P	■	C	R	■	■												
T	E	A	L	■	C	■	S	K	I	D	■												
A	T	■	K	E	E	P	■	S	A	■	■												
■	V	E	I	L	■	C	A	B	■	Y	■												

The Committee decided the most apt and accurate Answers were those seen in the Square above.

Two blank spaces indicate that at these points ACE or APE and LID or LIE were Answers of equal merit.

COMMITTEE'S FINDINGS: Competitors desiring to receive copy of Adjudication Committee's Findings on current Crossword No. 171 are invited to enclose 1d. stamped addressed envelope with entry. Findings will then be received simultaneously with publication of result in "John Bull."

"CUT ROUND THESE BROKEN LINES"

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 171. Closing Postmark SATURDAY, OCTOBER 7.

1	S	N	2	A		L	■	3	R		4	G	S	■									
5	W	A		■	6	A		E	■		E	O	7	S									
	■		E	A	T	■				8		V	E										
G	9	L	A	D	■	10	F	E	E	S	■												
■		■		11	D		A	L	■	E	H	■											
12	H	A		L	■			■	13	■	I	14	S										
E	N	■	E	15	M	E	T	I	C	■	I												
	■	16	■		■	A	L	■	17	K	R												
P	R	O	■	K	I	■	18	L	A	N													
■	E	V	I	E	N	S	■	T	O	N													
19	E	E	D	■	20	K	I																

1	S	N	2	A		L	■	3	R		4	G	S	■									
5	W	A		■	6	A		E	■		E	O	7	S									
	■		E	A	T	■				8		V	E										
G	9	L	A	D	■	10	F	E	E	S	■												
■		■		11	D		A	L	■	E	H	■											
12	H	A		L	■			■	13	■	I	14	S										
E	N	■	E	15	M	E	T	I	C	■	I												
	■	16	■		■	A	L	■	17	K	R												
P	R	O	■	K	I	■	18	L	A	N													
■	E	V	I	E	N	S	■	T	O	N													
19	E	E	D	■	20	K	I																

IF ENTERING 1 OR 2 SQUARES ONLY USE THOSE BELOW AND CUT HERE.

1	S	N	2	A		L	■	3	R		4	G	S	■									
5	W	A		■	6	A		E	■		E	O	7	S									
	■		E	A	T	■				8		V	E										
G	9	L	A	D	■	10	F	E	E	S	■												
■		■		11	D		A	L	■	E	H	■											
12	H	A		L	■			■	13	■	I	14	S										
E	N	■	E	15	M	E	T	I	C	■	I												
	■	16	■		■	A	L	■	17	K	R												
P	R	O	■	K	I	■	18	L	A	N													
■	E	V	I	E	N	S	■	T	O	N													
19	E	E	D	■	20	K	I																

1	S	N	2	A		L	■	3	R		4	G	S	■									
5	W	A		■	6	A		E	■		E	O	7	S									
	■		E	A	T	■				8		V	E										
G	9	L	A	D	■	10	F	E	E	S	■												
■		■		11	D		A	L	■	E	H	■											
12	H	A		L	■			■	13	■	I	14	S										
E	N	■	E	15	M	E	T	I	C	■	I												
	■	16	■		■	A	L	■	17	K	R												
P	R	O	■	K	I	■	18	L	A	N													
■	E	V	I	E	N	S	■	T	O	N													
19	E	E	D	■	20	K	I																

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and Conditions and stick 1½d. stamps below at rate of 3d. entry-fee for each square submitted. (P.O. may be used if preferred—in such case write its number and value below.)

Signed .....

Address .....

P.O. value ..... No. .....

FOR 1 SQUARE	FOR 2 SQUARES	FOR 3 SQUARES	FOR 4 SQUARES
firmly stick TWO 1½d. Stamps here.	firmly stick FOUR 1½d. Stamps.	firmly stick SIX 1½d. Stamps.	firmly stick EIGHT 1½d. Stamps.

The Last Laugh

The Kid by Lees

MISS H. (Hornsey).—"When the warden called and told me that I had to be fitted with another gas mask, I got embarrassed and didn't know where to hide my face." The obvious place, of course, was in the mask.

W. A. (Wincanton).—"The poem enclosed is sent for your opinion, which I should very much value." You wouldn't!

G. K. (Luton).—"I think I could produce better work than Dickens if I had the mind." Yes, if you had the mind.

T. S. (Bermondsey).—"Quarrels in the street at night are now regarded as a great offence." Yes, there must be no flare-ups during black-outs.

V. P. (Lincoln).—"Is it true that Germany favours paper-chases as part of a soldier's training?" Very likely; that's one way of using all the agreements she has torn up.

E. N. (Penistone).—"I served four years in the last war and am willing to serve again if wanted." Bully for you!

S. S. (Iver).—"When I got up to speak, somebody threw an egg at me." Had you been under shell-fire before?

A. C. (Kew).—"Growing food will help to win the war, so let us all play the game and dig for victory." Spades are trumps.

F. M. (Barnes).—"There is no shortage of lead in this country for national uses." One reason for this is that nobody is using it for swinging purposes.

B. M. (Clacton).—"When I'm called up I'll be able to show some of the regular soldiers some fine points." So you're going to take your darts with you?

R. N. (Chelsea).—"I find my job as 'phone girl heartbreaking." Keep on plugging along.

PRIVATE (East Coast).—"I am already studying for an officer." Has he no time, then, to study for himself?

PLUMBER (Reigate).—"I want a job in the Army in which my trade would be useful." Can you repair tanks?

ENLISTED (Salisbury Plain).—"I'm afraid I'm not much good at jabbing a bayonet into a sack stuffed with straw." Never mind—stick it

E. D. (London, N.).—"I think I'm too fat to fight (I'm 20 stone), but I'm anxious to do my bit on the home front." Why not try the Balloon Barrage?

DAPHNE (Malton).—"I can't run about making haphazard social calls now; I have far too much on." A uniform is apt to slow a girl down a bit at first.

MAC. (Argyll).—"I was attracted by the girl sitting next to me in the bus, but thought it best not to speak to her." You didn't know whether she'd paid her fare?

R. L. (Baldock).—"He bet me a level five pounds that the war would be over by Christmas." We note that he did not specify which year.

EVA (Clapham).—"When my Army friend called at the house to take me for a drive it caused quite a sensation in the street." Did he turn up in a tank?

D. M. (Taunton).—"You see soldiers in theatres, music-halls and cinemas, but do you ever see sailors in anything these days?" Yes, blue.

S. T. (York).—"In the last war, one of Tommy's problems was drying his clothes." This time he'll be able to hang them on the Siegfried line.

S. N. (Hants).—"Some evacuated children here had never seen a cow before." We suppose they thought it was a kind of portable milk bar.

FAN (Huddersfield).—"When our local team played the other day, one man stood out from the rest and received practically all the attention of the crowd." The referee?

S. N. (Wye).—"What would you describe as the flower of the British Army?" The boomps-a-daisy.

W. L. (Bacup).—"If he is offered a pint of beer it soon disappears." A sink at sight policy.

DUTCHMAN (London, E.).—"It surprises me how plentiful eggs are in this country just now." But you should understand that those little square boxes everybody carries contain gas-masks.

S. L. (Teignmouth).—"A newly-discovered American crooner, owing to an unusually shaped larynx, is said to produce warbling notes never before made by man." There is some talk of engaging him in London as an A.R.P. siren.

D. K. (Seaford).—"How is the name of the Polish town Przemyal pronounced?" With considerable difficulty.

A. C. (Morden).—"His face lights up with a charming smile." He should be very careful in a black-out.

HORACE (Sheffield).—"I know a girl who can get money every time she lifts a finger." A manicurist?

MILITIAMAN (Suffolk).—"I told the sergeant-major exactly what I thought of him." And then you hung up the receiver?

G. L. (Conway).—Motoring at night with dimmed lights, I ran over a duck and the farmer made a dreadful song about it." What did he sing—"Drake Goes West"?

G. S. (London, N.).—"I am so busy organising A.R.P. work that I can't stop for a mid-day meal. I just take a bite at my desk." A roll-top one?

J. L. (Cromer).—"If we had an air raid on the East Coast, where would places like Scarborough and Whitby be?" Still in Yorkshire.

D. S. (Cardiff).—"The first thing I submitted to a magazine in America was accepted. Pretty good going, eh?" Any magazine will accept a subscription.

T. N. (Elstree).—"I have volunteered to go to France to sing to the troops." Mind you are not accused of being in the pay of the enemy.

J. D. (Epsom).—"Bending the knee causes more ladders in silk stockings than anything else." We doubt, however, if English girls could be persuaded to adopt the goose-step.

D. J. (Gillingham).—"I am thinking of buying a second-hand car. How can I find out its faults?" Take it to another dealer and ask him to make you an offer for it.

B. N. (Burnham).—"In the dark she mistook me for a burglar and attacked me with an umbrella." The umbrella is now recognised as a very powerful weapon of offence.

ROSIE (Liverpool).—"I can't make up my mind whether to marry for love or money." If you marry for money you may eventually spend the rest of your days wishing for a little change.

F. L. (Goole).—"My boy is a postman and takes me out for long hikes; but I often wonder whether he has any real affection for me." He must have, to do all that extra walking.

SIDE-SLIPS

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelope "Side-Slips." When the same "Slip" is submitted by more than one person, that which arrives with the earliest postmark receives the award.

SUNDAY GRAPHIC:—"The fighters retire all too often with mind and body impaired. Yet the latter are the BELLOWS the crowd love to see."

BATH AND WILTS CHRONICLE AND HERALD:—"The boy's mother said he had already been PUBLISHED by his father."

DAILY TELEGRAPH AND MORNING POST:—". . . and replace them with blue-tinted bulbs which had been provided for 'BACK-OUT' purposes."

THE YORKSHIRE EVENING POST:—"Herr von R— and his SPITE arrived at the civil air port . ."

GLOUCESTER CITIZEN:—"To-day's record price was due to a big fall in STEALING in foreign exchanges owing to the international situation."

NEWS CHRONICLE:—". . . was fined 40s. for showing two powerful FOOD-LIGHTS in a Birmingham car park. . . ."

DAILY MAIL:—"All German ships are leaving American ports at top speed, abandoning their cargo and passengers, for fear of INTERMENT."

SOUTHPORT GUARDIAN:—"The CAR was taken to Southport Infirmary and detained suffering from severe internal injuries."

NORTH WALES CHRONICLE:—". . . wore a model gown and coat of gipsy blue trimmed with dyed VERMIN. . . ."

NORTH-EASTERN GAZETTE:—"Tradesmen in the area have not bought abnormally large SOCKS, but a number of residents who are taking people in have purchased extra food supplies."

WESTERN MAIL:—". . . when many hands were raised in the clenched FISH salute. . ."

BELFAST NEWS-LETTER:—". . . the president of the SOCK EXCHANGE made a speech."

ACCRINGTON OBSERVER AND TIMES:—"Three PEARS were found in a Portuguese oyster which was sold in London recently."

THE GLASGOW EVENING NEWS:—"He was sent to prison for one MOTH, and on his release was returned to Lithuania."

£10 10s. Free for "Last Laughs"

Laughter is the cheapest war-time tonic—and the mixture prepared for you on this page by Dr. "John Bull" will give you a welcome supply.

Now, to complete this All-smiles Page, we offer £10 10s. cash free to readers who can raise the best laughs in similar style.

Study the cheerful replies on this page and then settle down to make up a brisk, bright and amusing answer to E. J. (Accrington), who asks, "*Who's this chap Hitler that everybody seems to be talking about?*"

We shall award ten £1 1s. cash prizes for the best replies—and 100 other Awards for Runners-up. There are no restrictions whatever on the way you reply—and only one condition in this Contest. Your entry, on a post-card or sheet of paper, *must* be enclosed with a *Bullets* No. 1,190 coupon from page 27, or a Crossword No. 171 coupon from page 25. "Last Laughs" accepted only if so received—closing post-mark, Saturday, October 7.

Ten minutes is not too long to devote to making your "Last Laugh"—and half-an-hour or so on your *Bullets* or Crossword entry to accompany it will be time well spent. Any black-out evening is ideal as Competition Evening—but the sooner you begin, the sooner you will start to win cash prizes.

W. L. (Crewe).—"What is the latest report from the Western Front?" Bang!

S. T. (Balham).—"At such a time as this, we should have icy determination and cool heads." But not cold feet.

T. K. (Epping).—"If German airmen decide to drop bombs on England, which way do you think they will come?" Down.

F. L. (Ripon).—"My wife is very upset because she has broken her favourite rolling-pin." See letter below.

MRS. L. (Ripon).—"That cowardly husband of mine was wearing his tin helmet when he came home in the early hours yesterday." See letter above.

S. K. (Bath).—"He was a tall, fine-looking man and had the appearance of a jolly sergeant-major." A *what*?

T. F. (Halifax).—"Who can tell how long this war is going to last?" Our barber, and he does, every morning!

R. N. (Bude).—"I often wonder where the millions of bullets fired during a war come from?" Rifles, we have always understood.

A. R. (Hereford).—"They say that Hitler always gets his clothes from a tailor in a small provincial town in Germany." All the same, we've got his measure over here.

T. C. (Accrington).—"When once I've got my back to the wall there is only one thing that will make me move." The wall falling down?

R. M. (Stevenage).—"Whisky does not agree with me, and brandy is too expensive, so what is the best thing to take during an air raid?" Cover.

LT. (Trinz).—"My neighbour's daughter has given up her singing lessons owing to war work." There's good news everywhere if you only look for it.

M. N. (Bicester).—"I complained to the waiter when I found a cigarette end in my soup." What did you expect to find—a whole packet?

WARDEN (Cheam).—"Even in the best of black-outs it is possible to walk down a street and see a glimmer of light somewhere." Have you ever tried shutting both eyes?

T. L. (Colne).—"I have said, right from the beginning of the war, 'Let the German bombers come over to this country and try to do their worst.'" And has Herr Hitler thanked you for your kind permission?

MAKE BULLETS YOUR WARTIME HOBBY—BEGIN TONIGHT

1190

BIG NEW ONE-WEEK CASH and LUXURIES OPPORTUNITY

£225 in Cash and 100 NEW WARTIME LUXURY CASES

ALL PRIZES MUST BE WON

£150

£25 | £10

£5 | £2 | 2 of £1

10 prizes of £2 10s.

100 WAR PRIZES in LUXURIES

HUNDREDS of OTHER PRIZES

Cigarettes
Chocolate
Fruit Cake
Biscuits
Honey, Jam
Pickles
Fruit Salad
Tinned Soups
Fruit Cordial

MAKE "BULLETS" YOUR WAR-TIME HOBBY!

ON Friday, October 20, a telegraph messenger will arrive with JOHN BULL'S First Prize Joy Wire for the sender of this week's best *Bullet*. Imagine the thrill were that magic message to come to you—and think how doubly welcome in these difficult days that substantial First Prize cheque would be!

One recent Friday a Joy Wire arrived for Mrs. A. Stansfield, 57, Rossett Avenue, Timperley, Cheshire. "I wondered whose birthday it was," she told us, "but when I opened it and found that I had won *Bullets* First Prize, my joy was unbounded."

Many a pleasant evening had been spent by 66-year-old Mrs. Stansfield and her daughter on their hobby of making up *Bullets*—and small prizes had frequently rewarded their efforts.

Then this keen entrant submitted the topical and telling *Bullet*, ON THE HOME FRONT—"WAVERING NOTE" SPELLS DANGER. And those few words placed her name at the top of our 1,186th prize-list, with a big reward in cash to fill her purse for years to come.

Why not make *Bullets your* hobby? Despite the black-out, your evenings need not be cheerless, for making up *Bullets* is just the interesting and entertaining occupation you need these days—and this week's augmented prize-list gives you added incentive to start on *Bullets* to-night.

All you need is on this page—full instructions, *Examples*, winners to study and the new stamp entry-fee coupons to simplify the entering of one, two, three, four, five or six *Bullets*, just as you feel inclined.

Start now on your way to the prize-list, remembering that your entry must be posted on or before Saturday, October 7.

Soon a Prize Joy Wire may be yours!

How to Win

A *Bullet* must consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment, closely fitted to the chosen *Example*.

Your own experience may well lead you to the prize-list. For instance, after talking to the neighbour's kiddie, an Eastwood entrant thought how it seemed only yesterday since his own son—soon to be called up—was a toddler. This thought he expressed in the neat prize *Bullet*, HARD TO REALISE—MY LITTLE MAN, MILITIAMAN!

Before starting on your own efforts notice the good points of these successful *Bullets*, each of which recently brought its sender a substantial cheque.

NICE PEOPLE—
ABUNDANT AS YOUR SMILES.
BRITAIN'S YOUTH—
"GUARDIANS" NOT YET TWENTY-ONE.
GRANNY REMEMBERS—
DATES—THAT'S GRANDPA'S
"WATERLOO."
TOLL OF THE ROAD—
"HIGH"—WISE MOTORIST, "DRY."
TO FILL THE GAP—
LANDLADY INSTALLED CHOCOLATE
MACHINE!
FATHER'S PIPE—
IT'S "WICKED"—IT'S "SACRED"!

Now start your attack on this week's prize-list immediately, for unless your *Bullets* are posted on or before Saturday, October 7, none of the hundreds of cash and other prizes can be yours.

ADVANCE "EXAMPLES" FOR "BULLETS" No. 1,191

NOT TO BE USED FOR THIS WEEK'S CONTEST.

Hitler Hopes—Fighting Will Cease When—Our Ration—If Dad Ran The War—Won't Do In Britain—To Beat The U-boats—My Old Tin Hat—Sunk Without Warning—Desperate Battle—When The Siren Went—The Sentry Jumped And—Ugly Rumour—Shining Through—Liberty's Torch—Auntie's A Land-girl. So—Unknown To The Public—Home On Leave—Girl In Uniform—Thanks To The Black-out—Tommy Wants.

Six "Examples" below are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line. Thus you will find it easy to discover attractive and differing "Examples" to augment those provided.

Tired Of ..... | Price Of .....
Old And ..... | Radio .....
Cheering ..... | United .....

ADD 2, 3 or 4 WORDS to any of these "EXAMPLES"

MURDERER HITLER
FACE TO FACE
MADE GERMANY
WHEN IT'S ALL OVER
SCATTERED
LOWERING THE LIGHTS
FOR THE DURATION
OUR WARDEN
"ALL CLEAR!"
IN BERLIN
BEGINNING AGAIN
LATEST NEWS
WE SAY WE'RE CIVILISED, YET
MAP OF EUROPE
IN PERIL
LET'S ALL HELP AND
NOTHING TO FEAR
FOR HIS CHILDREN
FATHER'S FIRM
VICTORY FOR DEMOCRACY

Six "Examples" below are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line. Thus you will find it easy to discover attractive and differing "Examples" to augment those provided.

..... TO GERMANY
CHANGING .....
AFTER A FEW .....
SOLDIER'S .....
..... FOR MARS
..... WOMAN

RULES.—1. First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges. 2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and stamps must be stuck or Postal Order enclosed as directed on coupon. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. 3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible.

N.B. If desired, Crossword entry, made in accordance with Rules on page 25, may be enclosed with *Bullets*: double your prize-winning opportunity by also entering a Crossword each week.

BE QUICK—ENTER on new STAMP or P.O. COUPONS BELOW!

If desired, entries may be submitted on plain paper

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

"BULLETS" No. 1,190 — Closing postmark SAT., OCT. 7

I agree to enter in accordance with rules.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

1½d. STAMP	1½d. STAMP	1½d. STAMP	1½d. STAMP
For one "Bullet" stick 1½d. stamp to each space above.		For two "Bullets" stick additional 1½d. stamp to each space above.	

Stick 1½d. Stamps here at rate of 3d. ENTRY-FEE for each "Bullet" submitted. P.O. may be used if preferred—if so, write its number and value across stamp space.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

"BULLETS" No. 1,190 — Closing postmark SAT., OCT. 7

I agree to enter in accordance with rules.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

1½d. STAMP	1½d. STAMP	1½d. STAMP	1½d. STAMP
For one "Bullet" stick 1½d. stamp to each space above.		For two "Bullets" stick additional 1½d. stamp to each space above.	

Stick 1½d. Stamps here at rate of 3d. ENTRY-FEE for each "Bullet" submitted. P.O. may be used if preferred—if so, write its number and value across stamp space.

FREE COUPON FOR THIS COMPETITION IF USED AS INSTRUCTED BELOW

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

FREE PRIVILEGE ENTRY

I enclose TWO or more paid 6d. (or prize) coupons for Bullets No. 1,190, all entered in same name and address, entitling me to this coupon FREE.

Signed .....

Address .....

ADDRESS ENTRY: "BULLETS" No. 1,190, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (Comp.).

ONE WEEK ONLY
Closing postmark
SATURDAY, OCT. 7

The Last Laugh

The Kid by Lees

MISS H. (Hornsey).—"When the warden called and told me that I had to be fitted with another gas mask, I got embarrassed and didn't know where to hide my face." The obvious place, of course, was in the mask.

W. A. (Wincanton).—"The poem enclosed is sent for your opinion, which I should very much value." You wouldn't!

G. K. (Luton).—"I think I could produce better work than Dickens if I had the mind." Yes, if you had the mind.

T. S. (Bermondsey).—"Quarrels in the street at night are now regarded as a great offence." Yes, there must be no flare-ups during black-outs.

V. P. (Lincoln).—"Is it true that Germany favours paper-chases as part of a soldier's training?" Very likely; that's one way of using all the agreements she has torn up.

E. N. (Penistone).—"I served four years in the last war and am willing to serve again if wanted." Bully for you!

S. S. (Iver).—"When I got up to speak, somebody threw an egg at me." Had you been under shell-fire before?

A. C. (Kew).—"Growing food will help to win the war, so let us all play the game and dig for victory." Spades are trumps.

F. M. (Barnes).—"There is no shortage of lead in this country for national uses." One reason for this is that nobody is using it for swinging purposes.

B. M. (Clacton).—"When I'm called up I'll be able to show some of the regular soldiers some fine points." So you're going to take your darts with you?

R. N. (Chelsea).—"I find my job as 'phone girl heartbreaking." Keep on plugging along.

PRIVATE (East Coast).—"I am already studying for an officer." Has he no time, then, to study for himself?

PLUMBER (Reigate).—"I want a job in the Army in which my trade would be useful." Can you repair tanks?

ENLISTED (Salisbury Plain).—"I'm afraid I'm not much good at jabbing a bayonet into a sack stuffed with straw." Never mind—stick it

E. D. (London, N.).—"I think I'm too fat to fight (I'm 20 stone), but I'm anxious to do my bit on the home front." Why not try the Balloon Barrage?

DAPHNE (Malton).—"I can't run about making haphazard social calls now; I have far too much on." A uniform is apt to slow a girl down a bit at first.

MAC. (Argyll).—"I was attracted by the girl sitting next to me in the bus, but thought it best not to speak to her." You didn't know whether she'd paid her fare?

R. L. (Baldock).—"He bet me a level five pounds that the war would be over by Christmas." We note that he did not specify which year.

EVA (Clapham).—"When my Army friend called at the house to take me for a drive it caused quite a sensation in the street." Did he turn up in a tank?

D. M. (Taunton).—"You see soldiers in theatres, music-halls and cinemas, but do you ever see sailors in anything these days?" Yes, blue.

S. T. (York).—"In the last war, one of Tommy's problems was drying his clothes." This time he'll be able to hang them on the Siegfried line.

S. N. (Hants).—"Some evacuated children here had never seen a cow before." We suppose they thought it was a kind of portable milk bar.

FAN (Huddersfield).—"When our local team played the other day, one man stood out from the rest and received practically all the attention of the crowd." The referee?

D. K. (Seaford).—"How is the name of the Polish town Przemysl pronounced?" With considerable difficulty.

A. C. (Morden).—"His face lights up with a charming smile." He should be very careful in a black-out.

HORACE (Sheffield).—"I know a girl who can get money every time she lifts a finger." A manicurist?

MILITIAMAN (Suffolk).—"I told the sergeant-major exactly what I thought of him." And then you hung up the receiver?

G. L. (Conway).—Motoring at night with dimmed lights, I ran over a duck and the farmer made a dreadful song about it." What did he sing—"Drake Goes West"?

G. S. (London, N.).—"I am so busy organising A.R.P. work that I can't stop for a mid-day meal. I just take a bite at my desk." A roll-top one?

J. L. (Cromer).—"If we had an air raid on the East Coast, where would places like Scarborough and Whitby be?" Still in Yorkshire.

D. S. (Cardiff).—"The first thing I submitted to a magazine in America was accepted. Pretty good going, eh?" Any magazine will accept a subscription.

T. N. (Elstree).—"I have volunteered to go to France to sing to the troops." Mind you are not accused of being in the pay of the enemy.

J. D. (Epsom).—"Bending the knee causes more ladders in silk stockings than anything else." We doubt, however, if English girls could be persuaded to adopt the goose-step.

D. J. (Gillingham).—"I am thinking of buying a second-hand car. How can I find out its faults?" Take it to another dealer and ask him to make you an offer for it.

B. N. (Burnham).—"In the dark she mistook me for a burglar and attacked me with an umbrella." The umbrella is now recognised as a very powerful weapon of offence.

S. N. (Wye).—"What would you describe as the flower of the British Army?" The boomps-a-daisy.

W. L. (Bacup).—"If he is offered a pint of beer it soon disappears." A sink at sight policy.

DUTCHMAN (London, E.).—"It surprises me how plentiful eggs are in this country just now." But you should understand that those little square boxes everybody carries contain gas-masks.

S. L. (Teignmouth).—"A newly-discovered American crooner, owing to an unusually shaped larynx, is said to produce warbling notes never before made by man." There is some talk of engaging him in London as an A.R.P. siren.

ROSIE (Liverpool).—"I can't make up my mind whether to marry for love or money." If you marry for money you may eventually spend the rest of your days wishing for a little change.

F. L. (Goole).—"My boy is a postman and takes me out for long hikes; but I often wonder whether he has any real affection for me." He must have, to do all that extra walking.

SIDE-SLIPS

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelope "Side-Slips." When the same "Slip" is submitted by more than one person, that which arrives with the earliest postmark receives the award.

SUNDAY GRAPHIC:—"The fighters retire all too often with mind and body impaired. Yet the latter are the BELLOWS the crowd love to see."

BATH AND WILTS CHRONICLE AND HERALD:—"The boy's mother said he had already been PUBLISHED by his father."

DAILY TELEGRAPH AND MORNING POST:—". . . and replace them with blue-tinted bulbs which had been provided for 'BACK-OUT' purposes."

THE YORKSHIRE EVENING POST:—"Herr von R— and his SPITE arrived at the civil air port . ."

GLOUCESTER CITIZEN:—"To-day's record price was due to a big fall in STEALING in foreign exchanges owing to the international situation."

NEWS CHRONICLE:—". . . was fined 40s. for showing two powerful FOOD-LIGHTS in a Birmingham car park. . . ."

DAILY MAIL:—"All German ships are leaving American ports at top speed, abandoning their cargo and passengers, for fear of INTERMENT."

SOUTHPORT GUARDIAN:—"The CAR was taken to Southport Infirmary and detained suffering from severe internal injuries."

NORTH WALES CHRONICLE:—". . . wore a model gown and coat of gipsy blue trimmed with dyed VERMIN. . . ."

NORTH-EASTERN GAZETTE:—"Tradesmen in the area have not bought abnormally large SOCKS, but a number of residents who are taking people in have purchased extra food supplies."

WESTERN MAIL:—". . . when many hands were raised in the clenched FISH salute. . ."

BELFAST NEWS-LETTER:—". . . the president of the SOCK EXCHANGE made a speech."

ACCRINGTON OBSERVER AND TIMES:—"Three PEARS were found in a Portuguese oyster which was sold in London recently."

THE GLASGOW EVENING NEWS:—"He was sent to prison for one MOTH, and on his release was returned to Lithuania."

£10 10s. Free for "Last Laughs"

Laughter is the cheapest war-time tonic—and the mixture prepared for you on this page by Dr. "John Bull" will give you a welcome supply.

Now, to complete this All-smiles Page, we offer £10 10s. cash free to readers who can raise the best laughs in similar style.

Study the cheerful replies on this page and then settle down to make up a brisk, bright and amusing answer to E. J. (Accrington), who asks, "*Who's this chap Hitler that everybody seems to be talking about?*"

We shall award ten £1 1s. cash prizes for the best replies—and 100 other Awards for Runners-up. There are no restrictions whatever on the way you reply—and only one condition in this Contest. Your entry, on a post-card or sheet of paper, *must* be enclosed with a *Bullets* No. 1,190 coupon from page 27, or a Crossword No. 171 coupon from page 25. "Last Laughs" accepted only if so received—closing post-mark, Saturday, October 7.

Ten minutes is not too long to devote to making your "Last Laugh"—and half-an-hour or so on your *Bullets* or Crossword entry to accompany it will be time well spent. Any black-out evening is ideal as Competition Evening—but the sooner you begin, the sooner you will start to win cash prizes.

W. L. (Crewe).—"What is the latest report from the Western Front?" Bang!

S. T. (Balham).—"At such a time as this, we should have icy determination and cool heads." But not cold feet.

T. K. (Epping).—"If German airmen decide to drop bombs on England, which way do you think they will come?" Down.

F. L. (Ripon).—"My wife is very upset because she has broken her favourite rolling-pin." See letter below.

MRS. L. (Ripon).—"That cowardly husband of mine was wearing his tin helmet when he came home in the early hours yesterday." See letter above.

S. K. (Bath).—"He was a tall, fine-looking man and had the appearance of a jolly sergeant-major." A *what*?

T. F. (Halifax).—"Who can tell how long this war is going to last?" Our barber, and he does, every morning!

R. N. (Bude).—"I often wonder where the millions of bullets fired during a war come from?" Rifles, we have always understood.

A. R. (Hereford).—"They say that Hitler always gets his clothes from a tailor in a small provincial town in Germany." All the same, we've got his measure over here.

T. C. (Accrington).—"When once I've got my back to the wall there is only one thing that will make me move." The wall falling down?

R. M. (Stevenage).—"Whisky does not agree with me, and brandy is too expensive, so what is the best thing to take during an air raid?" Cover.

L. T. (Trinz).—"My neighbour's daughter has given up her singing lessons owing to war work." There's good news everywhere if you only look for it.

M. N. (Bicester).—"I complained to the waiter when I found a cigarette end in my soup." What did you expect to find—a whole packet?

WARDEN (Cheam).—"Even in the best of black-outs it is possible to walk down a street and see a glimmer of light somewhere." Have you ever tried shutting both eyes?

T. L. (Colne).—"I have said, right from the beginning of the war, 'Let the German bombers come over to this country and try to do their worst.'" And has Herr Hitler thanked you for your kind permission?

MAKE BULLETS YOUR WARTIME HOBBY—BEGIN TONIGHT

1190

BIG NEW ONE-WEEK CASH and LUXURIES OPPORTUNITY

£225 in Cash and 100 NEW WARTIME LUXURY CASES

ALL PRIZES MUST BE WON

£150	
£25	£10
£5	£4
2 of £3	
10 Prizes of £2 10s.	
100 WAR PRIZES as ILLUSTRATED	
HUNDREDS of OTHER PRIZES	

Cigarettes
Chocolate
Fruit Cake
Biscuits
Honey, Jam
Pickles
Fruit Salad
Tinned Soups
Fruit Cordial

MAKE "BULLETS" YOUR WAR-TIME HOBBY!

ON Friday, October 20, a telegraph messenger will arrive with JOHN BULL'S First Prize Joy Wire for the sender of this week's best *Bullet*. Imagine the thrill were that magic message to come to *you*—and think how doubly welcome in these difficult days that substantial First Prize cheque would be!

One recent Friday a Joy Wire arrived for Mrs. A. Stansfield, 57, Rossett Avenue, Timperley, Cheshire. "I wondered whose birthday it was," she told us, "but when I opened it and found that I had won *Bullets* First Prize, my joy was unbounded."

Many a pleasant evening had been spent by 66-year-old Mrs. Stansfield and her daughter on their hobby of making up *Bullets*—and small prizes had frequently rewarded their efforts.

Then this keen entrant submitted the topical and telling *Bullet*, ON THE HOME FRONT—"WAVERING NOTE" SPELLS DANGER. And those few words placed her name at the top of our 1,186th prize-list, with a big reward in cash to fill her purse for years to come.

Why not make *Bullets your* hobby? Despite the black-out, your evenings need not be cheerless, for making up *Bullets* is just the interesting and entertaining occupation you need these days—and this week's augmented prize-list gives you added incentive to start on *Bullets* to-night.

All you need is on this page—full instructions, *Examples*, winners to study and the new stamp entry-fee coupons to simplify the entering of one, two, three, four, five or six *Bullets*, just as you feel inclined.

Start now on your way to the prize-list, remembering that your entry must be posted on or before Saturday, October 7.

Soon a Prize Joy Wire may be yours!

How to Win

A *Bullet* must consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment, closely fitted to the chosen *Example*.

Your own experience may well lead you to the prize-list. For instance, after talking to the neighbour's kiddie, an Eastwood entrant thought how it seemed only yesterday since his own son—soon to be called up—was a toddler. This thought he expressed in the neat prize *Bullet*, HARD TO REALISE—MY LITTLE MAN, MILITIAMAN!

Before starting on your own efforts notice the good points of these successful *Bullets*, each of which recently brought its sender a substantial cheque.

NICE PEOPLE—
ABUNDANT AS YOUR SMILES.
BRITAIN'S YOUTH—
"GUARDIANS" NOT YET TWENTY-ONE.
GRANNY REMEMBERS—
DATES—THAT'S GRANDPA'S
"WATERLOO."
TOLL OF THE ROAD—
"HIGH"—WISE MOTORIST, "DRY."
TO FILL THE GAP—
LANDLADY INSTALLED CHOCOLATE
MACHINE!
FATHER'S PIPE—
IT'S "WICKED"—IT'S "SACRED"!

Now start your attack on this week's prize-list immediately, for unless your *Bullets* are posted on or before Saturday, October 7, none of the hundreds of cash and other prizes can be yours.

ADVANCE "EXAMPLES" FOR "BULLETS" No. 1,191

NOT TO BE USED FOR THIS WEEK'S CONTEST.

Hitler Hopes—Fighting Will Cease When—Our Ration—If Dad Ran The War—Won't Do In Rain—To Beat The U-boats—My Old Tin Hat—Sunk Without Warning—Desperate Battle—When The Siren Went—The Sentry Jumped And—Ugly Rumour—Shining Through—Liberty's Torch—Auntie's A Land-girl, So—Unknown To The Public—Home On Leave—Girl In Uniform—Thanks To The Black-out—Tommy Wants.

Big "Examples" below are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line. Thus you will find it easy to discover attractive and differing "Examples" to augment those provided.

Tired Of ..... | Price Of .....
Old And ..... | Radio .....
Cheering ..... | United .....

ADD 2, 3 or 4 WORDS to any of these "EXAMPLES"

MURDERER HITLER
FACE TO FACE
MADE GERMANY
WHEN IT'S ALL OVER
SCATTERED
LOWERING THE LIGHTS
FOR THE DURATION
OUR WARDEN
"ALL CLEAR!"
IN BERLIN
BEGINNING AGAIN
LATEST NEWS
WE SAY WE'RE CIVILISED, YET
MAP OF EUROPE
IN PERIL
LET'S ALL HELP AND
NOTHING TO FEAR
FOR HIS CHILDREN
FATHER'S FIRM
VICTORY FOR DEMOCRACY

Six "Examples" below are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line. Thus you will find it easy to discover attractive and differing "Examples" to augment those provided.

..... TO GERMANY
CHANGING .....
AFTER A FEW .....
SOLDIER'S .....
..... FOR MARS
..... WOMAN

RULES.—1. First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges. 2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and stamps must be stuck or Postal Order enclosed as directed on coupon. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. 3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible.

N.B. If desired, Crossword entry, made in accordance with Rules on page 25, may be enclosed with *Bullets*: double your prize-winning opportunity by also entering a Crossword each week.

BE QUICK—ENTER on new STAMP or P.O. COUPONS BELOW!

If desired, entries may be submitted on plain paper

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

"BULLETS" No. 1,190
Closing postmark
SAT., OCT. 7

I agree to enter in accordance with rules.

SIGNED .....
ADDRESS .....

1½d. STAMP	1½d. STAMP	1½d. STAMP	1½d. STAMP
For one "Bullet" stick 1½d. stamp to each space above.		For two "Bullets" stick additional 1½d. stamp to each space above.	

Stick 1½d. Stamps here at rate of 3d. ENTRY-FEE for each "Bullet" submitted. P.O. may be used if preferred—if so, write its number and value across stamp space.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

"BULLETS" No. 1,190
Closing postmark
SAT., OCT. 7

I agree to enter in accordance with rules.

SIGNED .....
ADDRESS .....

1½d. STAMP	1½d. STAMP	1½d. STAMP	1½d. STAMP
For one "Bullet" stick 1½d. stamp to each space above.		For two "Bullets" stick additional 1½d. stamp to each space above.	

Stick 1½d. Stamps here at rate of 3d. ENTRY-FEE for each "Bullet" submitted. P.O. may be used if preferred—if so, write its number and value across stamp space.

FREE COUPON FOR THIS COMPETITION IF USED AS INSTRUCTED BELOW

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

FREE PRIVILEGE ENTRY

I enclose TWO or more paid 6d. (or prize) coupons for Bullets No. 1,190, all entered in same name and address, entitling me to this coupon FREE.

Signed .....
Address .....

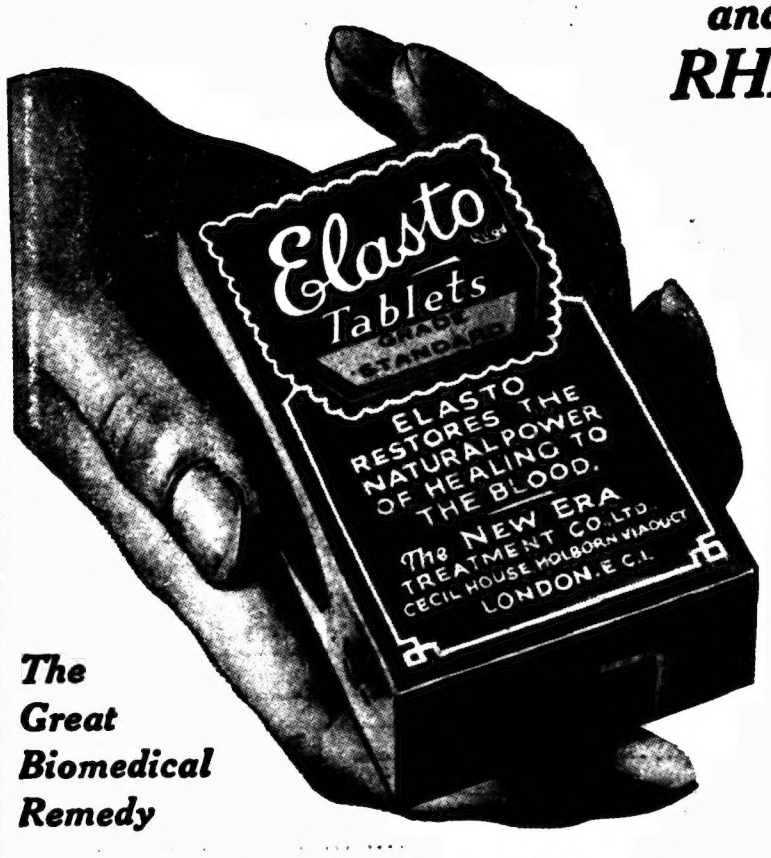
ADDRESS ENTRY: "BULLETS" No. 1,190, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (Comp.).

ONE WEEK ONLY
Closing postmark
SATURDAY, OCT. 7

The Remedy That Has Definitely Mastered

BAD CIRCULATION

and all Forms of
RHEUMATISM



The Great Biomedical Remedy

Elasto
REGISTERED

The Wonder Tablet

Take It —and Stop Limping

Good Circulation—The Basis of all Healing

IT is the function of the blood to carry health-preserving nourishment to the countless millions of living cells of which the body is composed. When it fails in this important function the cells break down and become diseased; *and this condition will persist until the blood itself is revitalised.* So-called "blood purifiers" are of no use in such conditions; impurities in the blood are merely incidental to the condition. The real trouble is that the blood has become chemically unbalanced; *it is deficient in certain vital constituents,* and drugging the system can never make good this deficiency.

Not a Drug, but a Vital Cell Food!

ELASTO dispenses entirely with the use of drugs; it is based on the knowledge that varicose veins, bad legs, rheumatism, hardened arteries, piles, heart weaknesses—to name but a few of the many ailments associated with bad circulation—*are deficiency diseases;* that in all such conditions there is a lack of certain *vital constituents of the blood.* Owing to this lack the body is unable to build up the elastic tissue needed to maintain the vein and artery walls and the membranes in a healthy condition and a state of flabbiness results. Elasto restores to the blood the vital elements which combine with the blood albumin to form organic elastic tissue, and thus enables *Nature* to restore elasticity to the relaxed and devitalised fabric of veins, arteries and heart, and so to re-establish normal, healthy circulation; *the real basis of all healing.* Prepared in small delicate tablets, by a special process, Elasto dissolves *instantly* on the tongue and is absorbed *directly* into the blood stream, thereby actually restoring the natural power of healing to the blood!

Every sufferer should test this wonderful new Biomedical Remedy which quickly brings ease and comfort and creates within the system a new health force; stimulating the growth of new healthy tissue-cells to replace worn-out and diseased tissues, increasing vitality and bringing into full activity Nature's own powers of healing. Elasto is not a drug, but a vital cell-food, which MUST be present in the blood to ensure complete health. That explains why Elasto succeeds where ordinary treatments have failed. It also explains why Elasto gives results for a few shillings where formerly pounds have been spent to no purpose. For the outlay of a few shillings you can now enjoy the tremendous advantages of this modern scientific remedy, which has cost thousands of pounds to perfect.

Read what Users of Elasto say—

"Suffered for years from a weak heart, but Elasto cured me."
"No sign of varicose veins now."
"My Doctor highly praises Elasto."
"Varicose veins quickly cured after 12 years of useless bandaging."
"Now walk long distances with ease."
"Had rheumatism so badly I could hardly walk, but Elasto cured me."
"I attribute my recovery from rheumatoid arthritis solely to Elasto."
"Now free from piles."
"After being indoors for 18 months, I can now walk quite well. My heart is stronger and all the pain has left my legs."
"Elasto has cured my bad leg."
"The swelling from ankles to thighs has entirely gone, and I can do a full day's work keeping on my legs all day."
"I have suffered years of agony with varicose veins and phlebitis, but thanks to Elasto, my leg is now completely cured."
"The stinging sensation I used to get in my left arm and leg (arteriosclerosis) is quite gone and my general health is much improved."
"My skin is as soft as velvet, thanks to Elasto."
"It is wonderful to be free from that terrible pain and to be able to walk upstairs without getting short of breath."
"I was in awful agony and could not walk. My family and friends are astounded; the results are magic."
"I was in terrible agony with arthritis, almost crippled, but Elasto cured me."
"Rheumatoid arthritis gone, I have never felt better."
"Lumbago cured after three years of suffering, age 66."
"Cured my sciatica 12 months ago, still quite fit."
"No pain or swelling in my legs now. I think it is wonderful after being unable to get about for two years."
"I was confined to my bed with phlebitis, without hope of ever getting out again. My doctor says I owe my life to Elasto."
"Elasto has quite cured my eczema."
"My piles are gone, my legs are better, and I feel better in my general health."
Etc.

These extracts are taken from letters received from grateful people who know, who have tested and proved for themselves the extraordinary health-restoring powers of this wonderful New Biomedical Remedy, Elasto. We guarantee the authenticity of every extract quoted.

NO AILMENT resulting from poor or sluggish circulation of the blood can resist the curative action of Elasto. Varicose veins are restored to a healthy condition, the heart becomes steady, the arteries supple, skin troubles clear up, leg ulcers (bad legs) heal naturally *and the cure is lasting,* piles vanish, and rheumatism in all its forms is literally swept out of the system. This is not magic *although the relief does seem magical,* it is the natural result of revitalised blood and improved circulation brought about by *Elasto, the Wonderful New Biomedical Remedy.*

Elasto is Obtainable from Chemists Everywhere

POST COUPON BELOW FOR A FREE SAMPLE

SIMPLY fill in the Coupon below for a Free Sample and a Special Free Booklet fully explaining Elasto, the New Biomedical Remedy. These, together with copies of recent testimonials, we will gladly send privately, post free. Don't lose another moment! Write for these to-day—NOW, while you think of it—AND SEE FOR YOURSELF WHAT A WONDERFUL DIFFERENCE ELASTO MAKES.

This offer is too good to be missed! ★

ELASTO (Dept. 15), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

COUPON FOR FREE TRIAL SAMPLE OF ELASTO

ELASTO (Dept. 15), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C. ★

Please send me Free Sample and Special Free Booklet. "The Story of Elasto," fully explaining how Elasto, *The Great Blood Revitaliser,* cures through the blood.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

J.B. No. 30939

Elasto will save you pounds!

F.15 J.B.L.91 78*

Printed in Great Britain and Published Weekly by the Proprietors, ODHAMS PRESS Ltd., Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Post free Inland and Canada 13s. per annum; all other parts of the world, 16s. 9d. per annum. Postage: Inland and Canada 1d.; all other countries 1½d. Registered for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post. Agencies for Australia & New Zealand: Gordon & Gotch, Ltd. For South Africa: Central News Agency, Ltd. Agents for Canada: Imperial News Co., Ltd., also Canadian Wholesale Newsdealers' Association, Ltd. for America: International News Co., 131, Varick Street, New York, U.S.A. Also on sale at W. H. Smith & Son, Ltd.'s Bookshops at 76, Boulevard Adolphe Max, Bruxelles, and 248, Rue de Rivoli, Paris, and Messageries Dorcon, 4, Rue de Faubourg Poissonniere, Paris, France

B195 A35